

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 969

JUNE 23, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
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ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 969.—VOL. XXXVII.

EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS

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From a Photograph by W. and D. DOWNEY

H. I. M. THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER VICTORIA OF GERMANY
PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN

Topics of the Week

KAISER FREDERICK.—The modern world has seldom been more deeply stirred than by the death of the Emperor Frederick. Germany mourned sincerely for the Emperor William I., and every civilised nation was to some extent moved by the disappearance of so great and heroic a figure. But William I. had lived out his life to the uttermost, and in the ordinary course of nature must under any circumstances have soon passed away. The Emperor Frederick, on the contrary, had he not been struck down by a mortal malady, might have hoped to retain the vigour both of mind and body for many years. And it is certain that he would have been one of the manliest and noblest Sovereigns who have ever reigned in Germany. That he would have secured enduring peace is more than can be definitely said, for forces are at work which would not have been wholly under his control. But war was repugnant to his deepest feelings, and his vast influence would have been steadily exerted to prevent dangerous international misunderstandings. At home he would have worked for the promotion of a genuinely Liberal and enlightened policy. Probably it would not have been in his power to introduce any vital change into the political system of his country, but under his generous rule the best elements of the Constitution would have been strengthened and developed. All this gives a profoundly tragic character to his short reign, and it is impossible not to feel that his death was a loss to humanity. Yet, as Mr. Gladstone said in his admirable speech in the House of Commons on Monday, the event cannot be regarded only with feelings of regret. It will always be associated with the recollection of the splendid fortitude and patience with which the unfortunate Emperor submitted not only to suffering, but—what must have been far harder to bear—to the cutting short of a career for which he had prepared himself by years of self-discipline, and in which he had hoped to do great things for his subjects. The spirit in which he discharged his duties will not be without effect on his son and successor, and on the German people. Although he was able to accomplish little directly, great results may spring indirectly from the fact that his aspirations were lost and pure.

KAISER WILLIAM.—A year ago comparatively little was publicly known about the young Prince who is now the Sovereign of Germany. Then it was thought that many years might pass before he would mount the Throne, and the immediate hopes of the German people were centred in his father. Now, however, the world is beginning to form a more or less definite conception as to the character of the new Emperor; and, upon the whole, it is a conception with which he has every reason to be satisfied. His addresses to the Army and the Navy, and his proclamation to the Prussian people, show that he is a man of strong individuality, and that he will probably exercise a powerful influence on Europe during the period on which we are now entering. There is nothing to indicate that he has the faintest desire to plunge his country into war. That he would fight resolutely if war were forced upon him is certain; but it is evident that he wishes, if possible, to carry on the policy maintained by his grandfather, and approved by his father. It is unlikely that in his ideas about domestic policy, he has much sympathy with the Liberal tendencies of the late Emperor. Above all things he is a soldier; and he may be disposed to think with Prince Bismarck that Parliaments are simply a necessary evil. But he understands too well the essential conditions of his age to dream of cherishing designs hostile to established institutions. The most remarkable characteristic of his manifesto to his subjects is the perfect frankness with which he addresses them. He has not a shadow of doubt as to their loyalty to the Throne. And all competent observers are of opinion that, so far as the mass of the people are concerned, his confidence is well founded. It is true that the Socialists aim at Revolution; but they form only a section of a single class of the community, and have never been able to extend their influence beyond the great cities. The nation as a whole believes the Monarchy to be indispensable, and welcomes every symptom of manly vigour in its new ruler. His reign begins well, and civilised mankind unite in hoping that it may be long and prosperous.

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA.—The House of Lords and the House of Commons represented the feeling of every class of the English people in expressing sympathy with the Empress Victoria in her great sorrow. As Mr. Gladstone has said, her trial is "probably the greatest which can in any instance happen to a human being;" and it is a trial in which she has displayed qualities corresponding to those of the husband whose loss she mourns. For a little while there was an impression in England that the Empress had become very unpopular in Germany. There never was the slightest real foundation for this impression. By a small reactionary class, indeed, she was strongly disliked. Her opinions and sympathies are in all respects thoroughly modern, and it

was inevitable that her influence on her husband should be dreaded by persons who would like, if they could, to restore mediæval institutions and customs. But the German people, as distinguished from a noisy group of fanatical "aristocrats," knew how to appreciate her quick intelligence and enlightened love of progress; and they were drawn towards her by an irresistible attraction when they saw with what noble and courageous devotion she stood by the side of their dying Emperor. The Empress will probably spend some time in England, but her permanent home will doubtless be in the country with which are associated all the happiest, and now also the saddest, memories of her life. A great future may still be in store for her in Germany. With all their distinction in the arts both of war and of peace, the Germans have still some extremely antiquated notions as to the position of women. These notions the Empress, when she was Crown Princess, always sought, both directly and indirectly, to combat. It may henceforth be in her power to do more than any other woman in the Fatherland has ever had an opportunity of doing to elevate the popular conception of the place which properly belongs to feminine influence, both in domestic relations and in public life.

REMODELLING THE LORDS.—Lord Salisbury had reason to call his Bill for the reform of the House of Lords a modest measure. The description is exact; so modest is this legislative bantling that one experiences some difficulty in conceiving its *raison d'être*. That is, from a political point of view. The creation of life-peers, and the weeding-out of "black sheep," may, we admit, strengthen the House to a limited extent. But why did the Premier take the matter in hand? It cannot be believed for a moment that he was influenced by pure reforming zeal; indeed, the whole tone of his speech when introducing the measure was that of one who is performing a distasteful and, as he considers, uncalled-for labour. It was to "dish" Lord Rosebery and the really sincere reformers that Lord Salisbury addressed himself to the work, and the result is what might have been anticipated—a scheme marked all over with stop-gapism. The utmost that can be said in its favour is that it has no harm in its provisions, while it may possibly effect some small amount of improvement. The truth is, that the remodelling of the Hereditary Chamber is a very big work indeed—as big a one as any English statesman ever set his hand to. We mean, of course, such re-shaping as would give it added strength and vitality and popularity; not the process of regeneration by destruction which, it is to be feared, some who are clamouring for reform have in their minds. These malcontents would be satisfied with nothing less than the absolute subordination of the Lords to the Commons, so that any popular Prime Minister would have no check on his impulses. But since that would be equivalent, for all practical purposes, to the abolition of the Upper House; and since even Republics have discovered the necessity of a Second Chamber; perhaps we ought to be satisfied with Lord Salisbury's "little Bill." But he will find himself sadly out of his reckoning if he imagines that the reformers will accept the measure in satisfaction of all demands. And if they do not, where will be the use of stirring sleeping dogs?

UNIONISTS AND GLADSTONIANS.—Unionists have tried hard to minimise the importance of the Ayr election. It is impossible, however, to get rid of the fact that the Irish Question was pressed upon the attention of the constituency, and that from beginning to end the battle was fought upon this issue. Some attention was given, of course, to matters relating especially to Scotland; and the inconsistencies of the Government with regard to the licensing dispute were also freely spoken of. But it was about Ireland that both candidates showed themselves to be most in earnest, and the result was that the majority recorded their votes on the Gladstonian side. There can be no doubt, therefore, that in the Ayr burghs the two sections of the Liberal party have been reconciled; and a process which must lead to the same result seems to be going on all over Scotland. In England, too, if we may judge from the Southampton election, there appears to be a movement of a similar kind. This is due, in part, probably to the blunders of the Ministry in connection with the Local Government Bill, in part to the impression that the Coercion Act is being used for the suppression of legitimate political opinion. But we must also take into account the line which the Gladstonians have adopted with regard to the question of Home Rule. They unanimously assert that Mr. Gladstone's Bills are dead, and that if he were restored to power measures of a wholly different character would be introduced. Consequently Liberal Unionists claim that it is the Gladstonians who have come over to them, not they who have gone over to the Gladstonians. Is this pretension well founded? Would Mr. Gladstone, if he were Prime Minister again, submit more moderate proposals? Probably he himself would find some difficulty in giving a definite answer to these questions. It is certain that if he revived his Bills the old controversy would once more break out. On the other hand, if he satisfied the Liberal Unionists, it is equally certain that he would be deserted by his Parnellite allies.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.—American electioneering campaigns are subject to such sharp twists and turns that it may be truly said, in turf parlance, that one never knows which horse has won till the numbers go up. So far as matters have gone, the Democrats appear to have the better chance of winning the great Presidential stakes. Their recent Convention at St. Louis was as much characterised by unanimity as the Republican at Chicago has been by discord. Nor can it be questioned that Mr. Cleveland is an exceptionally strong candidate. To him belongs the credit of raising American politics above the sordid Tammany Hall level, while his outspoken advocacy of a modification of the tariff in the direction of Free Trade won him golden opinions among those who admire courage and honesty. It still remains to be seen, however, whether that pronouncement will win or lose the greater number of votes. The Republican papers have raised the taking cry of "American industry threatened," while the Irish Nationalist papers openly charge Mr. Cleveland with playing into the hands of England. The likelihood seems to be that he will lose ground in the manufacturing centres, but gain it in the purely agricultural districts, whose inhabitants are beginning to perceive that it is they who pay the price of Protection. Aware of this mental process the Republicans have a number of schemes on hand for benefiting the farmers out of the surplus revenue. But the several projects are too nebulous to catch hold of the rural imagination with the same force as the blissful idea of getting clothes, farming implements, and other *desiderata* for half what they cost at present. Another difficulty of the Republican managers is the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Irish Nationalists. To do that they have to make pretence of being ready to pick a quarrel with England over Home Rule, and this naturally alienates the support of many influential Republicans. All things considered, Mr. Cleveland has an excellent chance of spending another four years at the White House.

THE PLAGUE OF CATERPILLARS.—It might have been supposed that a long cold winter like the last would have been fatal to an immense amount of insect life. Evidently, however, it did not affect the caterpillars which, this year, are visiting our trees in such alarming numbers. From Warwickshire and Surrey, from Essex and Berkshire the report is the same. Hosts of small green caterpillars settle on the trees, and leave not a leaf remaining after their ravages. At first it was thought that the mischief was confined to the oaks. That was bad enough, though the injury would be greater from an artistic than a pecuniary point of view. Unhappily it appears that fruit trees also have been attacked, especially apples and pears, while standard rose trees have not escaped. It may be that the farmers themselves are somewhat to blame for this state of things. In certain districts they have so killed off the small birds, that the insects are no longer kept under in the natural way, and ultimately do far more damage than the birds would ever have committed. It is not easy to see how the caterpillars can be dealt with—this year at least. The slain birds cannot be brought to life again, and the only hope is that a heavy storm or two may destroy the destroyers. But in view of a possible recurrence of the plague next year it might be well to adopt an ingenious suggestion which comes from America. This is, that we should encourage and train professional "insect-controllers," who might go round the country and acquaint farmers and others with the best means of detecting and destroying their insect-foes. We commend this idea to those whom it may concern. For somehow or other the green caterpillar must go.

THE PACIFIC TERRITORIES.—It must mighty amuse Australasians to see "well-informed" correspondents of London papers coolly discussing the expediency of allowing Germany and France to have their own way in the Pacific. That policy would, no doubt, suit England well enough; she would be none the poorer nor the less powerful for standing out from the great game of grab in that mighty ocean. But to her antipodean children the matter is of the deepest concern. They regard the whole Archipelago as their rightful inheritance, while their sense of patriotic pride is outraged every time any foreign Power clutches a group in their neighbourhood. It may seem ridiculous to stay-at-home English folk to talk about patriotism and pride in such a connection. Yet we undertake to say that these feelings are as keen—perhaps a bit keener—among Australasians than in the Mother Country. They love their several lands with a passionate love: nothing pleases them more than to project their minds into the future and picture a mighty Australasian Confederation, with an aggregate population of a hundred million or more, and revenues exceeding in amount the national income of England. This, then, is the lusty young giant to whom it is preached that the prescriptions of international harmony and good fellowship would best be observed by allowing two of the most powerful and most acquisitive nations in Europe to share the Pacific territories between them. Idler nonsense never had the honour of appearing in print. If England desired to give undying offence to her colonies, she would not find any surer means than the adoption of this purely insular and purely selfish policy. The much talked-of "Imperial idea" cannot have struck very deep roots among us when such projects

are brought forward in influential papers by writers who are styled "well-informed." England is bound to stand up courageously for the interests, even when largely tintured with sentiment, of her trans-oceanic children, and when she ceases to do so, they will cease to consider her their parent.

THE PARKS AND THE PUBLIC.—Londoners as a body are so proud of their parks, and with such good reason, that they are exceedingly jealous of any restriction in the use of them. Everybody remembers the story of the Queen who asked how much it would cost to turn certain of the parks into gardens for her palace, and of the Minister who replied, "I think, Madam, it would cost you three crowns." Well, the same answer might almost be given now, if the same question were put, which is not exactly probable. But, though it is not likely that Royal claim will ever be laid to them again, there is some danger of the parks falling too exclusively into the hands of King Demos. The right of meeting in Hyde Park is a *palladium* which no one would think of trying to abstract from the British public; but the right of sending the hat round after a meeting has not yet been recognised. In fact, this proceeding, which has become very common of late, is neither dignified nor advantageous. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Board of Works will not give way on this point. The Board might do something for another class of park-frequenters—the bathers in the Serpentine. Why should it not relieve the pressure upon these waters by railing off and covering in portions of the Thames for bathing purposes, as is done in the Seine? A large number of bathers would thus, no doubt, be withdrawn from the Serpentine, where it might consequently be possible to make the evening hours for bathing a little later. Now that the fashionable dinner-hour is so late, plenty of people would like to take the air in the parks between half-past seven and half-past eight, if it did not happen to be the hour when the bathers are taking the water.

SERMON-SNATCHERS.—The Bishop of Peterborough has lately given vent to the woes which he suffers from the people who reprint his sermons without his leave. His is not an isolated case. Archdeacon Farrar has suffered in the same way, and doubtless nearly every popular preacher who does not write his sermons, and publish his own authorised version, could tell a similar tale. Dr. Magee's chief complaint is that his friends make him responsible for the "bad English and worse theology" which the reporter puts in his mouth, and that his correspondence is immensely increased by the necessity of answering their questions as to whether he said this or meant that,—the "this" and the "that" being in most cases the shorthand-writer's, and not the Bishop's. But it is possible to take a more serious view of the matter. A man has no more moral right to steal and publish the spoken words of a preacher or lecturer than he has to pirate his written words. At present, however, he possesses the legal right, and, as we see, he makes full use of it. The result is not for the benefit of the public, and, that being so, we trust it may shortly be curtailed. It may not be possible to establish a copyright in spoken words, but at least it might be made an offence to publish discourses without giving the author of them a chance of seeing the words to which his name is to be appended. It is appalling to think how many persons may have adopted heretical doctrines on the authority of the Bishop of Peterborough, as reported in the enterprising publisher's "Magee Extra."

RICHMOND PARK AS A RIFLE RANGE.—Enthusiasm is an admirable virtue; the volunteer movement, for one thing, would never have reached its present magnitude but for the enthusiastic determination of its members to make it a gigantic success. The public will not, therefore, bear too hardly on the extraordinary lack of judgment which has influenced the National Rifle Association to pitch upon Richmond Park for their future annual competitions. Did it never occur to Lord Wantage that the very same reasons which rendered the Tir National so objectionable to the residents at Wimbledon would operate with still greater force at Richmond? Being an enthusiast, he, no doubt, fails to understand why either place should object to this great national trial of skill being held in its midst. What is there unpleasant in the assembling of two or three thousand fine young fellows for a fortnight every year, to test their skill in rifle-shooting? If that were all, neither Wimbledon nor Richmond would protest. But it is not all, nor half all, nor a quarter all; the real cause of offence lies in the abominable orgies which go on outside the camp proper. Old Bartlemy Fair was scarcely worse than the vicinity of the Wimbledon ranges after dark. If, therefore, the meeting were transferred to Richmond, the portion of the Park outside the camp enclosure would be given up for the whole fortnight to an unseemly gathering of the very refuse of London. And a nice state it would be in afterwards, with torn-up fences, maimed trees, and the litter of peripatetic blackguardism. Lord Wantage must really abandon the idea once for all, and look about for some trysting-place further a-field. The theory that the meeting would lose in popularity and prestige if held beyond the environs of London rests mainly on conjecture. But, even if that were to happen, the public loss would be infinitely less than that which would result from making our most beautiful space the scene of the vilest saturnalia. Richmond will not

allow it; from The Wilderness to the Green her people vow that they will not stand the profanation; and Sir Whittaker Ellis swears by all his gods that he will back them in this stern resistance.

CLUBS AND CLUBS.—There is not much chance, we suppose, of the Bill for the registration of clubs, which Mr. Gent-Davis, M.P., has introduced in the House of Commons, ever becoming law. The question is too large a one to be settled by a private member's measure. But there are many reasons for desiring that some such enactment as this should be passed. There are clubs and clubs, of course. Such a measure is not required for the palaces of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, though they would be obliged, as a matter of form, to comply with its provisions. Nor, we may presume, is it the *bond fide* working-men's clubs which have aroused Mr. Gent-Davis's legislative enthusiasm. The clubs which want looking after are the bogus clubs, of the kind which is said to be so common in Cardiff, and not in Cardiff only. These so-called clubs are in reality merely drinking and gambling shops, conducted for the benefit of the proprietor, and to the detriment of the members. The subscriptions are usually of a nominal amount, and the form of election is a mere farce, as it is naturally to the benefit of the proprietor to let in as many members as possible to drink his liquors and lose their money to him and his confederates. Those are the clubs which it is desirable to get hold of. By the proposed Bill it is provided that all clubs are to be registered with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, and copies of their rules lodged with him; and these rules must contain the club regulations as to the admission of friends of members. If the rules are unsatisfactory on this or any other point, the Registrar could refuse to certify them, and the club could not be formed. Some modifications would be necessary before the Bill could be rendered practical, but its lines are in the right direction, and we hope that before long it, or a similar measure, may be added to the Statute-Book.

To LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.

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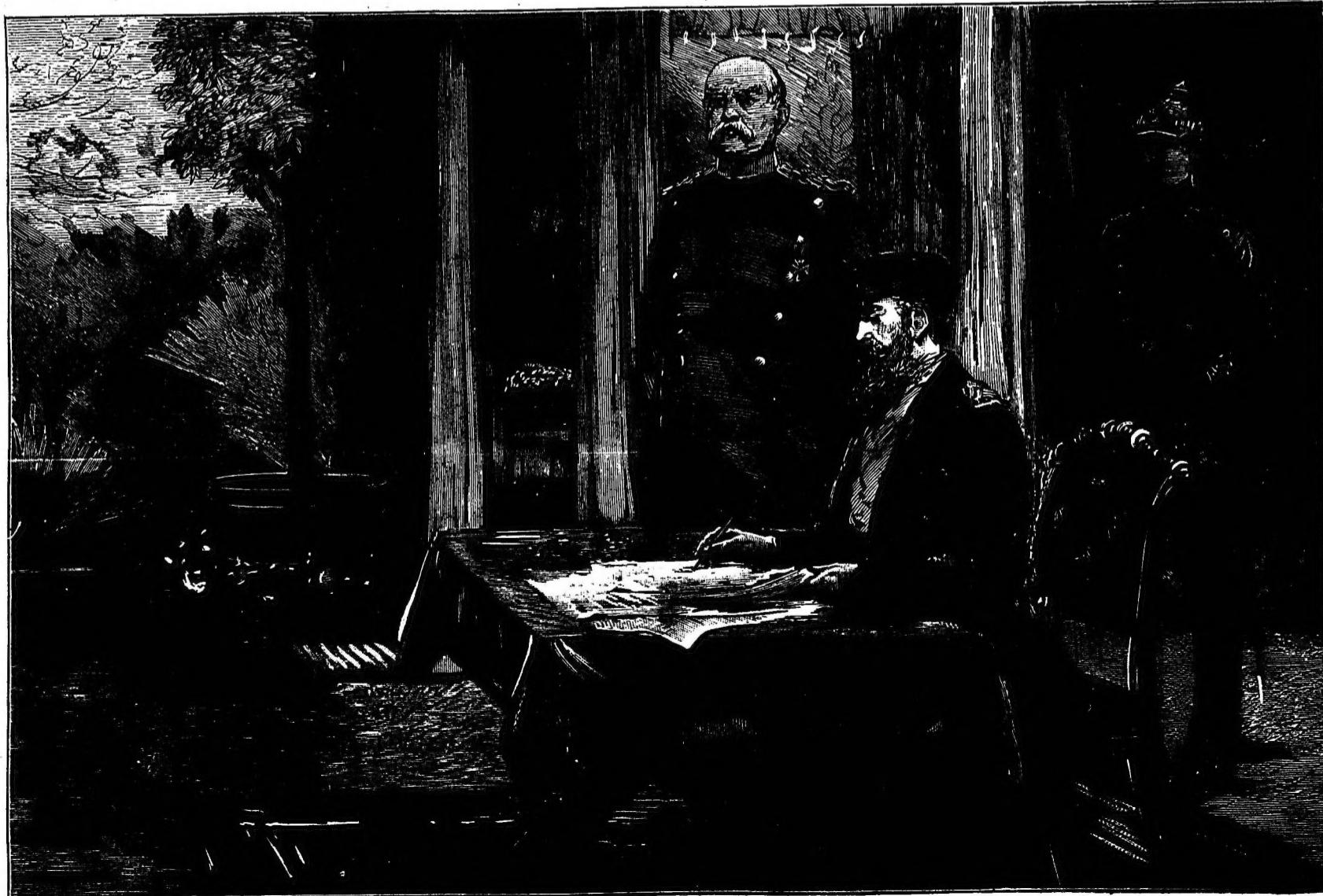
JAPANESE PICTURES.—These Wonderful WATER-COLOUR and INDIAN INK PICTURES (over 600 in number), by the Great Japanese Masters in the 11th, 13th, 17th, and 18th Centuries, should be seen and carefully studied, by all Lovers of Art. This Collection, which has taken eighteen years to form, is being rapidly bought up; those Collectors therefore who are desirous of securing Specimens of these Rare Works should PAY an EARLY VISIT to Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERIES, 160, New Bond Street. Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS, THE BALTIc, &c.—The Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," 1,504 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham Commander, will be despatched from Tilbury Dock as follows—1st JULY for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS. 11th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS. 30th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the BALTIc. About 1st NOVEMBER Next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.

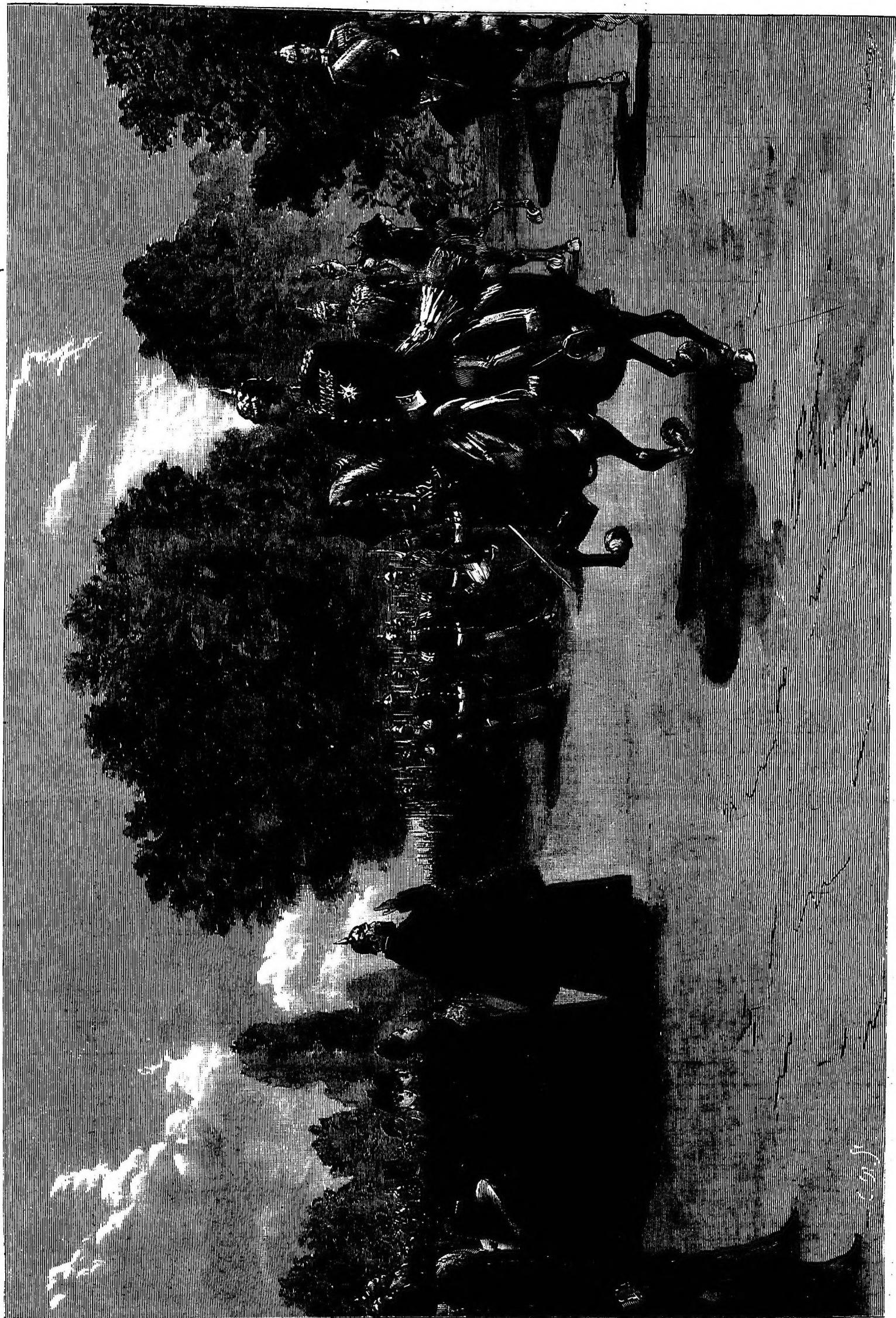
The "VICTORIA" is always on view between her cruises, has the Electric Light, Bells, and all modern improvements. For Particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam Yacht "VICTORIA" Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.



H.I.M. WILLIAM II.
GERMAN EMPEROR, KING OF PRUSSIA.
BORN JANUARY 27, 1859, ACCESSED JUNE 15, 1888



THEIR LAST CONFERENCE
A SKETCH OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK AND PRINCE BISMARCK IN THE PARK, POTSDAM



THE DEATH OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR—HIS LAST REVIEW OF HIS GUARDS
A SKETCH IN THE PARK AT CHARLOTTENBURG, BEFORE THE LATE EMPEROR'S REMOVAL TO POTSDAM

STEAMERS TO NORWAY, THE BALTIC, THE ORKNEY AND SHETLAND ISLANDS.—Delightful and popular twelve days' trips to the West Coast and Fords of Norway from Leith and Aberdeen 3rd June, and every Saturday during July and August by the magnificent steamships "ST. SUNNIVA" and "ST. ROGNVALD." Both vessels are lighted by electricity, are provided with all modern requisites for the comfort of passengers, and make the passage between Aberdeen and Norway in twenty hours. The "ST. SUNNIVA" makes a three weeks' trip to the Baltic on 1st September, calling at Christiania, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg.
Direct Steamers to the Orkney and Shetland Islands from Aberdeen and Leith five times a week. To Shetland in 15 hours; to Orkney in 11 hours, by the fast and comfortable steamers "ST. MAGNUS," "ST. CLAIR," "ST. NICHOLAS," and "QUEEN." Particulars of sailing (and Handbook of Norway Trips, price 3d.), may be had from John A. Clinkskill, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, W.C.; Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and all Branch Offices; C. MacIver and Son, Tower Buildings, Waterloo Circus, Liverpool; Wordie and Co., 49, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 16, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, and 64, Constitution Street, Leith; Charles Merrylees, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, and the HIGHLANDS

(Royal Route via Crinan and the Caledonian Canals.)
The Royal Mail Steamer "COLUMBA," with passengers only, sails from GLASGOW DAILY at 7 a.m. from GREENOCK at 9 a.m., in connection with Express Trains from the South, for Oban, Fort William, Inverness, Lochawie, Skye, Gairloch, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Stornoway, &c. Official Guide, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d.; Cook's Handbook of Books, 1s.; Price 3d.; Illustrations, 1s.; Time Bills with Map and Fares free from the owner. DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

BRIGHTON—Frequent Trains

From Victoria and London Bridge Terminus.
Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road).
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days
Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets
Available to Travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day.
From Victoria 10 a.m., Fare, 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton
Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge.
Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
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From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., Fare, 1s.
Pullman Drawing Room Cars between London and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations
On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Day Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class).
From Victoria and London Bridge every Weekday Morning.
Fixed Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.
Fares—Single, 3s.; 1s., 1s.; Return, 5s.; 4s.; 2s.
A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run in the Day Tidal Train Service between Victoria and Newhaven.
A spacious and commodious station has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort.
The "Normandy" and "Brittany" Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the passage from Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3 hours.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR full particulars see Time Books or Tourists' Programmes, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate Circus Office.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

CRYSTAL PALACE—HANDEL FESTIVAL.

JUNE 25th, 27th, and 29th.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ON each of the above Days, Special Fast and other Trains by the short and direct route, to the Crystal Palace, will run as required from Victoria, London Bridge, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, calling at Clapham Junction, New Cross, &c.

The last Fast Special Train will run on each day—
From London Bridge 1.30 p.m., arriving at Crystal Palace 1.35 p.m.
From Victoria, 1.30 p.m., arriving Crystal Palace 1.40 p.m.
From Kensington, 1.30 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction, arriving at Crystal Palace 1.30 p.m.
All return Tickets from Victoria and London Bridge to the Crystal Palace are available to return to either Station.
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to the Crystal Palace (including admission), available by all Trains, will be issued at Brighton, Hastings, St. Leonards, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Worthing, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, Portsmouth, and other Stations, as per bills.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER VICTORIA

See page 652.

WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY

WILLIAM II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, was born on January 27th, 1859, and is consequently a little over twenty-nine years of age. Like all Hohenzollern heirs to the throne he has received a most careful military education, having been given a commission as second lieutenant in the Guards on his tenth birthday by his grandfather, the late Emperor William I. His military education, moreover, was in no way mere child's play, for he was subjected to the strictest discipline, and, as he evinced an ardent love for military matters, he eventually became one of the smartest officers in the service, and thoroughly acquainted with all the minute and manifold details of military administration. He served in turn with Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineer Regiments, passing examinations of efficiency in each branch; and neglected nothing which could contribute towards making him fit to take command in the field. Not that his education was wholly military; for he studied for some time at Bonn, and subsequently spent several years in mastering the complex machinery of the Civil Service, under the eye of Dr. Asschenbach, President of the Province of Brandenburg. Moreover, in order to fit the young Prince for his future position, his grandfather requested Prince Bismarck to take him in-hand, and initiate him into the mysteries of statesmanship and foreign diplomacy, and thus Prince William, whose force of character greatly resembles that which so distinguishes the Iron Chancellor, early conceived a reverence for that great statesman and his policy which has had a marked effect upon his character. Before all, however, the Prince showed an all-engrossing devotion to the pursuit of arms, so much so as to inspire the prophecy in more than one quarter that he would in later years develop that military genius which so distinguished Frederick the Great. Indeed, he has never concealed his desire to win laurels for himself and soldiers on the field of battle—a desire which has been encouraged by many of his seniors, and which has made him immensely popular with the army. In 1881, the Prince married Princess Augusta Victoria Frederica Louisa Feodora Jennie, the eldest daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, by whom he has four sons. The eldest of these, William, was born on May 6th, 1882, and is now Crown Prince. The new Emperor, since the death of his grandfather, has had a considerable share in the affairs of the State, his father, by a special Rescript on March 29th, empowering him to "take a direct part therein." In all things he has shown himself a staunch disciple of Prince Bismarck, and some words he uttered at Prince Bismarck's birthday dinner aroused much comment, and were subsequently "rectified" by an official version of his speech, in which his father, and not the Chancellor, was eulogised as the standard-bearer of the German nation. The Emperor's first words on his accession were addressed to the Army in a proclamation which we summarise elsewhere; but, notwithstanding his martial ardour, it is generally considered that the weight of responsibility which now rests upon him, together with the counsels of Prince Bismarck, will act as a wholesome check upon the warlike propensities which are attributed to him, though

it is freely admitted that he will be far readier to solve European complications with the sword than either of his immediate predecessors on the Imperial throne. Our portrait is from a photograph by Hans Hanftengl, 19, Unter den Linden, Berlin.

THEIR LAST CONFERENCE

THROUGHOUT the late Emperor's illness, Prince Bismarck was a constant visitor both at Charlottenburg and Friedrichskron, and the Emperor, when it was fine, would frequently receive his Chancellor and transact such State business as needed his own personal attention in a tent in the garden.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S LAST REVIEW OF HIS GUARD

ON May 28th, the late Emperor, feeling somewhat better, was able to enjoy a spectacle which had been denied him since he left Berlin last year—a military review. The Crown Prince's Infantry Brigade, consisting of three regiments of the Guards, had been out early at manoeuvres in the neighbourhood of Charlottenburg, and before returning to their quarters the troops entered the Charlottenburg Park, and marched past in splendid style. His Majesty, who wore his General's uniform, with the helmet—the first occasion on which he had worn the latter since his accession—stood, surrounded by all his family, and witnessed the defiling of his soldierly son's troops. After the march past, the Emperor complimented Prince William on the fine appearance and efficiency of his brigade, which then marched back into Berlin.

THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK

These sketches are fully described on page 650.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

See pp. 657 et seqq.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 665.

A CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS AT CHARLOTTENBURG

OUR double-page engraving represents a meeting of the various physicians, who, in conjunction with Sir Morell Mackenzie, have attended the late Emperor Frederick during his fatal illness. The meetings usually took place daily, and were held in Sir Morell Mackenzie's rooms at the Charlottenburg Palace. These rooms was only separated by a corridor from the apartments of the Emperor, who was able to summon the English doctor by an electric-bell at any moment. As may be gathered from the numerous accounts that have appeared, Sir Morell Mackenzie had no easy time of it, apart from the close and continual care which his Imperial patient required. Every post brought him a huge packet of letters. When our artist paid him a visit, he found two tables piled up with correspondence. These missives came from all sorts and conditions of loyal Germans, all anxious to put forth some suggestion which might possibly tend to prolong their beloved Kaiser's life. Thus one old lady begged that a baked onion should be laid on the Emperor's neck, while a chemist urgently recommended Turkey rhubarb as a sovereign cure for the Imperial sufferer's malady. Then there were a sprinkling of threatening letters, warning the intruding Englishman that he had better resign in favour of the German doctors or harm would befall him. Of the physicians whose portraits we depict we may especially mention Dr. Bergmann, who would have performed the operation which the German medical men were so anxious to have performed last year, but to which the Emperor declined to submit, preferring the less radical and more palliative treatment of Sir Morell Mackenzie. Dr. Bergmann was summoned to San Remo, when it was decided that tracheotomy was necessary. But he arrived too late to perform the operation, which had already been done by Dr. Bramann, who, with Drs. Schrader and Krause, were the German medical men in attendance on the Emperor during his sojourn in Italy. It may be remembered also that some weeks before the Emperor's death Dr. Bergmann temporarily retired from treating the Emperor, owing to a difference with Sir Morell Mackenzie, and that he was replaced by Dr. Barthélémy.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Sir Morell Mackenzie, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Dr. Hovell, by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street; Professor Senator, by Schaarwachter, 190, Friedrich Strasse, Berlin; and Professor von Leyden, by Leyde and Co., 59, Unter den Linden, Berlin. The portraits of Drs. Barthélémy and Bergmann, are from unnamed photographs.



THERE was a great gathering in the House of Lords on Monday. It was to some extent a State night, notice having been given of Resolutions of Condolence with the Queen and the widowed Empress of Germany upon the news still fresh from Potsdam. Beyond this, there was the knowledge that the Marquis of Salisbury was to unfold his scheme for the Reform of the House of Lords, about which there was much speculation. The benches on both sides were well filled, a long line of ladies garlanded the side gallery behind Ministers, a crowd of Privy Councillors stood at the steps of the Throne, and in the pens below the Bar set apart for the convenience of members of the other House there were standing or seated many eldest sons of Peers who have taken honourable part in hurrying forward the reform of the House in which some day they will take their seats.

Almost simultaneously the House of Commons was engaged in solemnly voting expressions of its sympathy with the Queen and the Empress. Here, as in the Lords, mourning was almost the only wear. A more striking token of respectful sympathy was forthcoming when Mr. Smith rose to move the Resolution, all members uncovering and sitting bareheaded throughout his speech and that of Mr. Gladstone, who seconded the Resolution. Mr. Smith read an address evidently founded on a study of funeral sermons. To rise to the height of an occasion like that of Monday, to be eloquent yet simple, sorrowful yet free from all maudlin note, is one of the rarest oratorical gifts. Mr. Smith did as well as the average, better than, remembering his speech on the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Sir William Harcourt would have done. But the average is lamentably low, and members, whether Liberal or Conservative in politics, turned gratefully to Mr. Gladstone when he rose to second the motion. Nor was expectation disappointed. Mr. Gladstone invested the occasion with a sorrowful dignity which gave soothing expression to the general feeling. Without reference to his scanty notes, without sign of preparation, and apparently without effort, he spoke a few exquisite sentences—the very things, as every one vaguely felt, that should have been said at such a time, in such a place. Scarcely less admirable were the brief speeches of Lord Salisbury and Lord Granville in the other House.

Having buried their dead, Lords and Commons went to work, one upon the Premier's new Reform Bill, and the other returning to the

Local Government Bill. After all the talk and the expectation raised, Lord Salisbury's scheme for the Reform of the House of Lords seemed ludicrously inadequate. It divided itself into two branches, one having reference to life peerages, and the other to the exclusion of what, with certain particular instances in mind, are euphoniously named "black sheep." The life-blood of life peerages is to be infused into the House at the not exhilarating rate of five drops a year. The Queen is to be authorised to qualify as life-peers three persons drawn from the ranks of judges of one of the Superior Courts, rear-admirals, major-generals, ambassadors-extraordinary, or members of the Civil Service, who have been created privy councillors. In addition, there are two other persons, not holding any of these positions and whose special qualifications are to be set forth in a message from the Queen to the House. The maximum number of life-peers is to be fifty. As to the "black sheep," they are to be dealt with upon an Address moved in the House praying that the writ of summons in a particular case shall be cancelled. But the door is not to be finally shut upon repentant peers. It will always be open for the summons to be re-issued upon proof of amended life.

Such is the Bill which it is not too much to say was produced stillborn in the House of Lords on Monday. That it will reach the Statute Book no one believes. Peers who think that things might well be left alone, that is to say, a large majority of the House, are not enthusiastic in its favour. Peers, like Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven, who earnestly desire reform, are openly contemptuous of Lord Salisbury's measure.

The House of Commons has been steadily engaged through the week in Committee on the Local Government Bill, though on Thursday this was intermitted in consequence of the urgency of Supply. The progress made with the Bill is not rapid. But there is no ground of complaint, nor is any urged by the most impatient Ministerialist. The Irish members have practically effaced themselves, and, except for participation in a division, might as well be seated at College Green, Dublin. The reinstatement of the House of Commons as a legislative assembly is triumphantly completed. Even party lines are obliterated, for, as any of the critical division lists will show, sections of all parties meet in the lobbies. Never in recent Parliamentary history was a great measure proceeded with in such favourable circumstances. If the Local Government Bill is not made a workable measure, it will not be for lack of painstaking consideration in Committee. The attendance is not only large, but is well maintained, members sitting hour by hour listening to the arguments and waiting for the sound of the division bell.

Whilst the measure is deriving the benefit of the absence of uncompromising party spirit, the Government are having a particularly bad time. Almost single-handed Mr. Ritchie takes charge of the Bill in Committee, and performs his work admirably. But, in the delicate poising of parties, it is very rarely that the President of the Local Government Board can put his foot down. When he makes an attempt, as happened on Tuesday, the result is not encouraging. On Tuesday the seventh clause was reached, and the Government and the House were face to face with the difficult problem of the disposal of authority over the police. The clause proposed that a joint Committee of the Quarter Sessions and County Councils should have the control of the police, with the important exception of the Chief Constable, whose appointment, control, and dismissal were retained in the hands of the magistrates, as at present. This was an ingenious, but not very workable, compromise that pleased nobody. The country gentlemen resented the collaboration of the County Council. The advocates of responsibility going with direct representation, wanted to have the control of the police invested entirely in the hands of the County Councils.

Sir Walter Barttelot, the champion of the magistrates, first tried a fall with the Government, and got badly beaten. Moving to retain the control in the hands of the magistrates, his amendment was negatived by 360 votes, against 77. Mr. John Morley then moved the omission of the stipulation that the appointment of the Chief Constable should be placed in the hands of the Quarter Sessions. The Government having opposed the first amendment, were bound to resist this one, but with quite other results; for when, amid a scene of much excitement, the tellers announced that 246 had voted for the amendment, and 216 against, it was discovered that the Government were in a minority of 30. This was a nasty blow, not made the more easy to bear by the knowledge that the Government had been wounded in the house of a friend. It was the defection of Lord Hartington, backed up by some fifteen Conservatives, that brought about this second defeat of the Government within the space of eight days.

On Wednesday the Libel Law Amendment Bill came up for the Report Stage, and occupied the greater part of the sitting. A useful clause was, at the instance of Sir A. Borthwick, added, giving authority to the judge to consolidate an action for libel brought by one person against two or more defendants. On the other hand, Clause 5, repealing a provision of Lord Campbell's Act, that where an apology was pleaded by a newspaper payment of a sum of money into Court must also be made, was struck out. The Bill now stands for third reading, and its progress through the House of Lords will be curiously watched.



MESSRS. HARE AND KENDAL, whose theatrical properties and costumes have been sold by auction this week, have reached the last stage of their management of the ST. JAMES'S in the revival of Mr. Pinero's rustic drama, *The Squire*. Nearly seven years have now elapsed since the production of this interesting play aroused a fierce controversy on the subject of the dramatist's obligations to Mr. Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd." Mr. Hardy and his friends insisted that the story and the characters of the play were in essentials identical with those of the novel, and not a few independent critics concurred in this view. On the other hand, Mr. Pinero pledged his word that when he wrote his piece he knew nothing of "Far from the Madding Crowd," so that it appears that this was after all only a coincidence or, rather, combination of coincidences sufficiently remarkable to deserve the attention of a writer on the theory of chances. Questions of originality, however, do not much trouble audiences who, as a rule, go to the theatre simply to be amused, and care little about minute inquiries into the sources of their pleasure. *The Squire*, though not without grave faults, is, as we have said, an interesting play, and, as it is admirably acted throughout, its revival is well adapted to the purpose of bringing the nine years' reign of Messrs. Hare and Kendal to a prosperous close. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, we need hardly say, resume their original parts as Lieut. Thorndike and Miss Verity respectively, and Mr. Hare contributes once more his highly-finished portrait of the crabbed but good-hearted Parson Dormer; and the great scene of the second act, in which Miss Verity, the lady farmer, affectionately known as "the Squire," is compelled to divulge her secret marriage in order to save Lieut. Thorndike from instant death at the hands of her jealous admirer, Gilbert Hythe, proved not less moving and exciting than of old. The most important change in the cast arises from the disappearance of Mr. Wenman from the part of Hythe, which is

now played by Mr. Waring with abundant earnestness, though hardly with so much pathetic power as was displayed by his predecessor. Fortunately Mr. Mackintosh is still to the fore in the part of the old peasant Gunnion, a character sketch which, though highly coloured, possesses far too much of force, truth, and humour, to deserve the reproach of "caricature," which has, in some quarters, been inconsiderately brought against it. The play is mounted, as before, with admirable care and taste.

In *Wood Barrow Farm*, a new drama produced at the COMEDY Theatre an Monday afternoon, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has exhibited more dexterity than invention. His story of the "young man from the country," who despises a humble village beauty when he is suddenly raised to affluence, and prefers a showy adventuress, till he suddenly falls from his high estate, and learns to prize what he had before rejected, is rather trite and old-fashioned. On the other hand, there is cleverness in his conduct of the theme, and considerable merit in his dialogue. Mr. George Giddens was decidedly amusing as the rustic hero—if hero so vacillating a personage can be called; and Miss Gertrude Kingston played with grace and distinction, if with no very marked power, the part of the adventuress.

Messrs. Coleridge and Norman Forbes's dramatic version of *The Scarlet Letter* at the ROYALTY has been greatly improved by the substantial restoration of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *dénouement* in lieu of the unhappy "happy ending" which, in an evil hour, the adaptors were tempted to invent. The harmony and tone of the story is thus preserved, and, sorrowful though it is, the play is extremely interesting. It owes much to the tender and pathetic performance of Hester Prynne by Miss Calhoun, whose best powers are brought out in the affecting incident which now brings the play to a close.

Mr. Richard Mansfield will, it is said, open his season at the LYCEUM with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. His American admirers, however, appear to think that he would do more wisely if he preferred for his opening his great part of the Baron Chevrial, in which he first achieved a brilliant success in the United States.

Mr. Edouin reopens the STRAND Theatre this evening with a new comedy of domestic interest, in three acts, entitled *Run Wild*.

Mr. Charles Wyndham closed the CRITERION Theatre on Monday evening, the day of the Emperor Frederick's funeral.

Mr. Irving is, we believe, about to give up his house at Brook Green, so well known to his wide circle of friends.

Mr. Gilbert is dramatising George Eliot's "Romola." It is stated that the play will probably be produced at the ST. JAMES'S under the forthcoming management of Mr. Rutland Barrington, and that the part of the heroine will be played by Miss Julia Neilson.

Joseph's Sweetheart at the VAUDEVILLE has passed its hundredth performance—that critical stage in the career of a new piece, short of which no play nowadays can count as a conspicuous success.

It is at the GAIETY, and not at the Adelphi, which is undergoing certain changes in its internal arrangements, that Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy's *Union Jack* is rehearsing. Though it is in the main a nautical play, one of its scenes will represent the camp at Aldershot or thereabouts.

A matinée, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, will be given at the Lyceum Theatre, on Thursday next. As usual on such occasions, the programme consists of scenes from many of the most successful plays now running, in addition to a scene from *Charles I.*, in which Mr. Irving will appear, and a harlequinade, in which many of the most popular performers of the day will take part. This last is a complete novelty.



POLITICAL.—The polling for the Ayr Burghs last week resulted in a decisive victory for the Gladstonian-Liberal candidate, Mr. John Sinclair, who was returned by a majority of 53 over his Liberal-Unionist antagonist, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley. At the last election (in 1886) the Liberal-Unionist candidate was returned by a majority of 1,175. The poll last week was exceptionally heavy, and the result shows a great change of voting power from one side to the other. — The report that Mr. Balfour intends to resign the Irish Secretaryship is authoritatively contradicted.—Sir William Harcourt, opening at Derby, on Tuesday, a bazaar in aid of the Baptist Foreign Missions, referred with satisfaction to the extraordinary triumphs recently achieved at Cambridge by Nonconformists, who for many years had been excluded from civil offices and the Universities. In the evening he spoke at Belper, after opening a new Liberal Club, and of course made much of Mr. Evelyn Ashley's defeat in the Ayr Burghs. He referred sarcastically to the Local Government Bill as "a great democratic measure," but one which its framers were afraid of—like Frankenstein of the monster of his own creation—and which they were doing all they could to prevent being democratically effective. The Government thought that they had three or four more years to live before a dissolution came, but the day of reckoning would come, and the imprisonment of Mr. John Dillon would accelerate it.—On Wednesday Sir William Harcourt spoke in the same strain at Stockport with the fresh text supplied him by the defeat of the Government the previous evening on Mr. Morley's amendment to the Local Government Bill. He attributed Lord Hartington's vote on this occasion to the sobering effect produced by Southampton and Ayr on the Liberal Unionists, who, he said, were beginning to think of their latter end.—On the same day Sir George Trevelyan, at Birmingham, in a very decisive speech denounced the Government and all its works, and advocated with vehemence the doctrine of "one man one vote."—Lord Burton appropriately presided at a crowded meeting on Wednesday, in St. James's Hall, of representatives of the brewing and other allied interests, to protest against the refusal of compensation to the publicans, and the retention, to be proposed by Sir William Harcourt, of the ninth clause of the Local Government Bill, which sanctioned the exercise of local option in the matter of Sunday closing. Lord Burton, after referring to his well-known Liberalism, charged the Liberal leaders with throwing to the winds, in order to appeal to the pockets of the electors, all their former declarations, recognising the vested rights of the Licensed Victuallers. He warned them that if they pursued their course of unjust prosecution of the trade they would find themselves encumbered by a wave of reaction, which would overwhelm them. Mr. Seager Hunt, M.P., and Mr. Cosmo Bonnor, M.P., were among the other speakers. Resolutions in accordance with the objects of the meeting were unanimously adopted.—Mr. H. T. Anstruther, M.P. for the St. Andrew's district of Fifeshire, has been appointed joint-Unionist Whip with Lord Wolmer.

THE CONTEST for the seat in the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent, vacant through the death of Colonel King-Harman, is being vigorously prosecuted by the Right Hon. James Lowther (C) and Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen (G). In reply to a temperance delegation, Mr. Lowther has declared that he is still, as formerly, opposed to local option and to Sunday closing, while Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen will vote for both. On the question of compensation Mr. Lowther was reticent, while Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is opposed to it at the expense of the ratepayers. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's father, Lord Brabourne, has written more than one letter deplored the choice of a candidate made by the Gladstonians in the division,

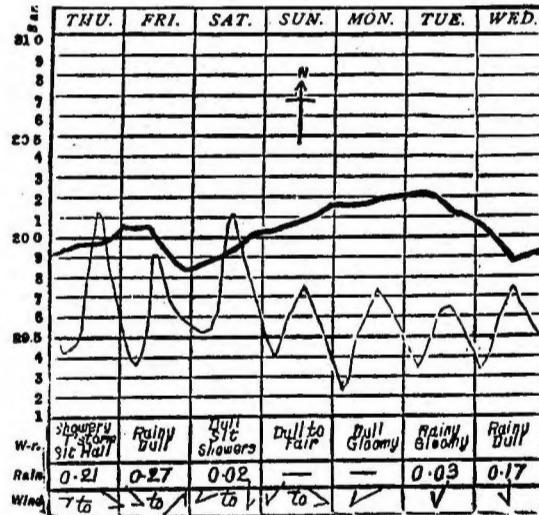
and wishing, on public grounds, Mr. Lowther all success. The polling is fixed for Friday, the 29th inst.

IRELAND.—Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., presiding at the usual fortnightly meeting this week, in Dublin, of the National League, referred with exultation to the result of the Ayr election, which he declared to have been fought upon the question of the prosecution of Mr. John Dillon, who went before the electors steeped to the lips in the Plan of Campaign. The fate of Ireland was involved in that election. It would not be long before Mr. Gladstone was returned to power, the Coercion Act repealed, and every tenant who had been unjustly evicted during the last few years be restored to his holding.—On Wednesday Mr. John Dillon, M.P., at Dundalk Quarter Sessions, conducted his own appeal against the sentence of six months' imprisonment passed on him under the Crimes Act. On his appeal being dismissed he was presented with an address of sympathy signed by 150 English, Scotch, and Irish M.P.s, and he was driven in a carriage to Dundalk Gaol, guarded by dragoons, who and the police were groaned at by the crowd.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Monday was the seventy-third anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, of which the only surviving officers are Generals the Earl of Albemarle and G. Whichcote, Lieutenant-Colonels B. P. Browne and William Hewett, and Major Basil Jackson.—Out of gratitude to the constituency which first enabled him to enter the House of Commons, and which he represented for nearly twenty years, Lord Brassey has presented to the Corporation of Hastings the School of Art in that town, which cost 15,000/.—On Wednesday 28,000/- had been received for the Hospital Sunday Fund.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lady Hammond, daughter of Lord Robert Kerr, and wife of Lord Hammond, many years permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; of Mrs. Thomas Michell, wife of Her Majesty's Consul-General for Norway, who, when her husband was Consul-General at Philippopolis, was very active in aiding the Turkish exiles of the Russo-Turkish War, and was perhaps the very first lady decorated by the Sultan; in his nineteenth year, at Constantinople, of Lord Robert Grosvenor, third son of the Duke of Westminster; in his eighty-first year, of Admiral Sir Alexander L. Montgomery, Bart., who entered the Navy in 1819, nearly seventy years ago; in his eightieth year, of Canon Trevor, Rector of All Saints, York, and senior Prebendary of York Cathedral, well-known as an able writer, preacher, and public speaker; in his seventy-second year, of the Rev. Canon Hornby, Rector of Bury, Lancashire, honorary Canon of Manchester, and cousin of the Earl of Derby; in his fortieth year, of the Rev. Robert L. Clark, who, after a distinguished academic career, was elected from Balliol to a Fellowship at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was Librarian and Lecturer at the time of his decease; in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. Henry W. Field (a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, his grandmother, wife of John Field, being Anne Cromwell, great-granddaughter of Henry Cromwell, fourth son of the Protector), who in 1850, as Queen's Assay Master, an office abolished when he retired from it in 1871, and under the auspices of Sir John Herschell, then Master of the Mint, brought the gold coin of the country to an unprecedented degree of purity; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. William Creswick, the well-known Shakespearean actor, whose last appearance was at the performance given for his benefit at Drury Lane, October 28, 1885; and in his forty-seventh year, of Dr. Zukertort, the distinguished chess player, who came from Berlin to London in 1872.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1888



EXPLANATION—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (20th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has varied a good deal in different localities, the chief feature of the week being the exceedingly cold and cheerless conditions experienced after Sunday (17th inst.) over the South-East of England. Very slight gradients for Westerly breezes were shown at the commencement of the time, with changeable weather, heavy local showers, and thunderstorms in many places. In the course of Friday (18th inst.) a shallow depression passed in a South-Easterly direction across England, and reached Belgium by the following morning (19th inst.). Showers continued to fall in all places, but while bright intervals and warm weather were experienced at some of the Western and Northern Stations, heavy overcast skies and steadily falling temperatures prevailed over the greater part of England. In the rear of the depression just referred to pressure increased quickly, and during the remainder of the week the South-Eastern portion of an anticyclone lay over the North of our Island, with Northerly breezes over Great Britain, and light Westerly airs in Ireland. The weather continued bright and warm in the North and West—but remained very dull, gloomy, and abnormally cold (for the season) over the South-East of England. Little or no rain fell during the greater part of this time, but at its close a steady fall set in over the East and South-East of the Kingdom. During the last three days of the week the maximum temperatures over the Home Counties were as much as 15° and 16° below the average, while about the same time minima over inland England showed rather less than 40° by the ordinary shaded thermometer, and fell below the freezing point on the grass.

The barometer was highest (30.2 inches) on Tuesday (19th inst.); lowest (29.84 inches) on Friday (15th inst.); range 0.37 inch.

The temperature was highest (62°) on Thursday (14th inst.); lowest (45°) on Monday (18th inst.); range 17°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.70 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.27 inch on Friday (15th inst.).

THE FREE LIBRARY AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE was opened, informally, on Saturday, the Duchess of Albany being unable to attend owing to the Court mourning. It is a fine octagon room, 76 ft. in diameter, with a lofty domed roof, and lighted by a skylight and eight windows. Busts of Chaucer, Dryden, Johnson, Milton, Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron stand in the angles between the sections to remind readers of England's literary worthies. There is room for 250,000 books, although, at present, the Library only possesses 10,000.



THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES contain a population of 3,546,725, according to the latest census. New South Wales is now the most populous colony, Victoria coming second in order.

A CLOSED POST-CARD, as used in some Continental countries, will shortly be issued in England, as an experiment. While retaining the privacy of the letter, the card will be decidedly cheaper.

A SECTION OF THE GIGANTIC AMERICAN LOG RAFT which broke up off the New England coast last winter has been met with near the Azores. The logs were water-soaked and floating ends up.

AMERICAN ART AMATEURS are too often "taken in" by picture-dealers. It is estimated that at least 500 counterfeit Old Masters, bought at high prices, now hang in the galleries of the United States.

SOME STIRRING MILITARY REVELATIONS of the Franco-Prussian War are expected in Paris from the publication of the memoirs of Marshal Lebœuf, who died last week, and who has left behind him a lengthy "Histoire de Ma Vie."

THE PARIS OPÉRA COMIQUE will be rebuilt on its original site, should the Chamber vote the 260,000/- required for its construction. The new house, however, will be completely isolated from any neighbouring buildings, and will front the Boulevard.

ROSE-GROWING on an extensive scale is being carried on in Saxony for the manufacture of the Turkish oil of roses. Though not so favoured by climate, the Saxon rose is just as good and sweet-scented as the Balkan blossom, so that the industry rapidly increases, and promises to be very profitable.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR is almost invariably described as the "youthful" Emperor, yet he is decidedly older than some of his most prominent predecessors at their accession. The Great Elector took up the reins of Government when not quite twenty-one, Frederick-William I. succeeded at twenty-four, and Frederick the Great at twenty-eight years of age.

THE SPANISH ARMADA COMMEMORATION FÊTES at Plymouth are gradually being planned out. There will be a grand historical pageant costing 400/-, and the vessels belonging to the Channel Squadron Coastguard Reserve, and the training brigs will assemble in Plymouth Bay for a night attack on the forts, which will be defended by Volunteers.

POLO is going rather out of favour in India, owing to the expense of the amusement. So much of the players' success depends on their ponies' training that they pay very high prices for the animals, and accordingly many officers with small means cannot afford to indulge in the game. Thanks to keen competition, a good polo pony costs thrice as much as three years ago.

M. PASTEUR'S REMEDY FOR THE AUSTRALIAN PEST—the microbes of chicken cholera—does not seem very likely to win the Government reward of 25,000/. In one case the inoculated rabbit duly died, but in a large experiment tried at the New South Wales Government Laboratory the rabbits remained alive and well after being freely inoculated with the diseased microbes.

THE RECKLESS DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS in Prussia has lately increased to such an extent that the Government have issued a law protecting timber throughout the Empire. In recent years, this wholesale felling of fine woods has completely changed the climate of many districts, rendering the country barren and rainless. Further, removing the trees from the banks of lakes and rivers has loosened the sand and thus shallowed many harbours and watercourses.

A MONSTER PARMESAN CHEESE was one of the amusing features of the Bologna University fêtes, held last week. The students of Parma presented their Bologna brethren with a cheese weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and entirely covered with Latin inscriptions worked in maccaroni. This dainty was to be washed down by a huge tun of Barbera wine given by the students of Turin.

KIDNAPPING IN ROYAL LIFE is believed to be threatened at Wiesbaden. Queen Nathalie of Servia is alarmed lest her only son should be taken from her, as King Milan is anxious to bring up the Crown Prince at home in Belgrade, and the Royal couple cannot live together in amity. So the Queen never loses sight of her boy, day or night, and the child is guarded by four stalwart Servians devoted to her cause, even when he plays in the grounds of the Villa Clementine, Queen Nathalie's temporary residence at Wiesbaden.

INTENDING TRAVELLERS ON GERMAN RAILWAYS will be glad to hear of a special Ministerial order issued to officials on all Teutonic lines. The Minister requests railway officials to treat passengers "properly and politely," and to take great care of the luggage. To ensure public comfort carriages are not to be crowded, but only four persons should be put in each first-class, six in the second, and eight in the third. During the hot weather all carriages should be well aired and the roofs frequently sprinkled with cold water to keep travellers cool, while all platforms must be kept free from dirt. Perhaps these paternal counsels are intended to counteract the effect of the harsh treatment dealt out to unlucky passport-less passengers into Alsace-Lorraine.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF HOTEL KEEPERS for the property of their clients extends even to China, where a traveller relates in the *North China Herald* that at Wang-kao-chêng one of his followers missed a grand new robe. He at once made some noise about it, when a chorus of angry voices replied from all parts of the inn. "He should have seen after his own personal apparel more carefully;" "Who was then so careless as to lose in the morning the very clothing which should be his night covering;" "It was his duty to have seen after his garment before the big cart left, for there could be no doubt that some carter lying beside him had wrapped it up by mistake in the dim lamp light when folding away his own bedding in the early dawn;" "Did he wish them to procure a horse to pursue more big coats?" &c., &c. The traveller prepared to start on his journey, but the owner of the robe did not follow. Suddenly he appeared with the garment on his arm, having firmly stated that found that grand robe should be, or he would appeal to the police and the value should be paid twice over.

THE COMING MARRIAGE of the young daughter of Prince Napoleon to the Duke of Aosta, her uncle, and twenty-two years her senior, creates much comment in France and Italy. The Duke has long been devoted to the memory of his first wife, Princess Maria della Cisterna, who died twelve years ago, never having recovered the evil effects of travelling from Spain too soon after the birth of her youngest child. For several years the Duke kept aloof from the world altogether, became absorbed in religious duties, and secluded himself with his sister, the pious Princess Clotilde. He thus saw his niece and future bride grow up. Princess Letitia Bonaparte little resembles either her quiet, devout mother or her brusque father. She is a bright lively girl, fitted to shine in society both from her wit and beauty, having a tall fine figure and brilliant colouring. She has rather high shoulders, like most of the Napoléons. Prince Amadeus himself is a fine man, though not handsome, and is specially amiable and cultivated. The wedding takes place in September at Moncalieri, Princess Clotilde's residence, and the Duke and Duchess will live in the Royal Palace at Turin, according to King Humbert's request.



THE DEATH OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR - THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE CASTLE OF
FRIEDRICKSKRON FOR THE FRIEDENSKIRCHE, POTSDAM, JUNE 18



THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR

THE Emperor Frederick's brief reign of ninety-nine days came to an end last Friday, June 15th, when the "Royal sufferer" passed quietly away shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning. Like his father, he died on a Friday, and, as a further coincidence, on the anniversary of the death of his cousin and brother-in-arms, Prince Frederick Charles. Though only two days previously Emperor Frederick was able to leave his room and receive the King of Sweden and Norway, this apparent improvement merely proved the last spark of vitality. Early in the morning of Thursday week the Emperor became suddenly worse, high fever set in, and the doctors plainly stated that he could not live many hours. The dreaded inflammation of the lungs had supervened, and no hope remained. All the members of the Imperial Family were summoned to Friedrichskron, Prince Henry and Princess Irene coming from their honeymoon in Silesia, while Prince Bismarck and the other Ministers hurried to the Castle. Since the beginning of the final relapse on the previous Tuesday the Empress Victoria had scarcely left her husband's room, and during these last hours it was pathetic to note how the Emperor could not bear her to quit his side, but made urgent signs for her return if she was out of his sight for a moment. He had been told that death was imminent; yet throughout the day he strove to transact some State business in his stronger intervals, and to show those around him how grateful he felt for their love and attention. At times he fell into doze, and occasionally he took a little nourishment by artificial means; but, for the first time in his illness, apathy overcame him. In one particular the deathbed of Frederick III. was far more sad and touching than that of William I. He could utter no affectionate last words to his family, his voice being utterly gone; while he had scarcely the strength to write. Still, he gave a written slip of paper to his third daughter, Sophia, this being her eighteenth birthday, bearing his final parental counsel: "Remain pious and good, as you have been in the past," and it is further stated that he wrote on another slip for Crown Prince William "Learn to suffer silently," repeating the advice which he had already given to his heir. When parting with Prince Bismarck, he placed the Empress Victoria's hand in that of the Chancellor, as if commanding his wife to the Minister's care. And almost the last sign of interest the Emperor showed in worldly affairs was his gratitude for Queen Victoria's gift of a picture of his favourite hero, Frederick the Great, as a child, copied from the original in Buckingham Palace, and for a present of water-lilies, which always decorated his summer bathing-house in the Havel. Whilst Emperor Frederick's relatives watched his dying hours in the Castle, the deepest anxiety and depression was shown by his subjects. Crowds thronged the neighbourhood of Friedrichskron, and Berlin was already in mourning by anticipation, the theatres being closed, the people speaking in hushed tones, and almost fighting for the latest newspapers which were full of melancholy notices.

THE END

THE Emperor passed a moderately quiet night, lying on his simple iron bedstead in his study with all the windows open to give him plenty of air. At midnight he wrote on a slip of paper for Doctor Hovell, "How is my pulse, are you satisfied with it?" The Empress Victoria sat by him, changing her position as her husband moved from side to side, and the Imperial Family waited in an adjoining room, coming in one by one at intervals. At the doctors' request, they endeavoured not to agitate the dying Emperor by the sight of their tears, and the Empress and Crown Prince kept up bravely, though Prince Henry was frequently obliged to retire to indulge his grief. Early in the morning it was evident that the end was very near. Pastor Persius was called to administer the Holy Communion, and the Imperial Family gathered round the bed to remain until the last moments. The Empress knelt by her husband, clasping his hand, Sir Morell Mackenzie stood by her side, the Crown Prince was opposite, and the Princesses and Prince Henry knelt at the foot. In a corner was the painter Von Werner sketching the sad group. Happily the Emperor seemed in no pain, but in a kind of stupor, while occasionally he opened his eyes and smiled. The Chaplain was softly repeating prayers when the Emperor raised himself slightly in the bed, sighed deeply, and sank backward. A few moments later Sir Morell Mackenzie informed the Empress that all was over, and the Imperial widow then completely broke down. On recovering from the first shock, the Empress gave the doctors a white silk handkerchief to fasten round the Emperor's neck, and crossed his hands on his sword. The widow and sons then placed on his breast the Order pour le Mérite, the Iron Cross, a gold chain with three lockets containing family souvenirs, and a faded laurel-wreath, which the Empress had sent to her husband after the battle of Wörth. Meanwhile the anxious crowd outside first learnt the sad news by the sudden dropping of the Imperial Standard to half-mast, the Emperor's body-physician, Dr. Von Lauer, afterwards formally announcing the decease. In a few moments the troops-in-waiting surrounded the Castle, to prevent ingress or egress except by order, and the tolling of the bells in Potsdam and Berlin warned the general public that another Emperor had passed away. Then came the official proclamation announcing that "The Royal sufferer has ended his earthly career, after long and grievous suffering, borne with admirable fortitude and submission to God's will." Signs of mourning appeared throughout the city in an incredibly short time. Black flags flew on all sides, shutters were put up, busts of the Emperor were seen veiled in crape, and the people wore black, with bunches of violets—Frederick III.'s favourite flowers.

THE LYING-IN-STATE

IN accordance with the Emperor Frederick's simple tastes and desires, neither his lying-in-state nor his funeral was surrounded with the elaborate ceremony attending his predecessor's obsequies. He wished for a soldier's funeral, and to lie in the quiet Friedenskirche, at Potsdam, where his two young sons, Waldemar and Sigismund, are buried. The attendance at the funeral therefore was limited to immediate relations and connections, the numerous foreign Princes who would otherwise have been present remaining away by request. Moreover, only a limited number of people were to be admitted to the lying-in-state. Before this ceremony, the doctors made a post-mortem examination of the Emperor Frederick's throat, after considerable opposition from both the Empress-Dowager Victoria and the young Emperor, who only gave way on assurance that such examination was absolutely needed by law. Prince Bismarck requested Sir Morell Mackenzie to draw up the official report of the cause of death, which is now formally announced to have resulted from "cancer of the larynx and inflammation of the minor bronchial tubes, due to the introduction of foreign morbid substances." The cartilage of the larynx had totally disappeared, leaving a huge cavity, so that portions of food flowed over into the trachea and lungs. Thus, "the direct cause of death is attributed to paralysis of the lungs." Further, the report states that the presence of perichondritis and caries of the cartilages contributed to the difficulty of fixing the nature of the disease until recently. Now that the Emperor is dead, Professor Schröter, the Vienna

specialist, who was summoned to the consultation at San Remo, announces that he diagnosed the disease as cancer at once.

On the afternoon of his death, the Emperor Frederick lay in simple State in his study, on the little bedstead where he passed away, the room being unaltered, save for the masses of flowers. Only a few privileged persons, however, passed through the death-chamber. On Saturday his body was placed in the Jasper Hall of the Palace, where several of the Emperor's children had been christened—a lofty marble hall with jasper panels and beautifully painted ceiling, converted into a sumptuous mortuary chapel. At one end is an altar, over which hangs a picture of the Saviour, and in front of this was placed the coffin on a *dais* under a black velvet canopy, surmounted by a crown, sword, and sceptre, and surrounded by lofty candelabra and tabourets bearing the Imperial Insignia and Orders. The purple Imperial Standard at the foot of the coffin and the tall cypresses and laurels, together with piles of lovely memorial wreaths relieved the prevailing gloom, while around watched stately guards. Frederick III. was clad in a Field-Marshal's uniform with the Hohenzollern grey cloak, his Orders and family souvenirs, and laid on white silk cushions with his head gently turned to the side as if asleep. His features looked sunken, and his beard somewhat grey, but otherwise his face showed little trace of suffering, and wore a happy, peaceful expression. Brief religious services were held in the Hall on both Saturday and Sunday evenings, attended by the new Emperor and his Consort and the rest of the Imperial Family, the widowed Empress being present on the first occasion. Pastor Persius spoke a few words on the text "Blessed are the pure in heart," and the Cathedral Choir sang hymns, while after the blessing the widow and children of the dead monarch knelt down and kissed his hands. Several relatives and deputations were afterwards admitted, bearing wreaths. Next evening the mourners included the Empress Augusta, who, in spite of her feeble health, had insisted on returning from Baden-Baden for a last look at her only son. On Saturday crowds of loyal Berliners thronged Potsdam, in hopes of obtaining entrance to the Jasper Hall, but as no one was admitted except by ticket, disappointed thousands hung about the Park and Castle. Nevertheless, the ticket-holders were so numerous that there was a good deal of confusion, especially as admittance was denied for a short time, whilst the Empress Augusta paid a special visit to the Hall.

THE FUNERAL

TOOK place on Monday, and was attended by a host of Royal mourners intimately connected with the Imperial Family. Foremost were the King of Saxony, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince Christian, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. From early morning mourners and sight-seers poured into Potsdam, where the mourning preparations were somewhat similar to those of Berlin at Emperor William's funeral. The invited guests assembled in the Hall of Shells amid much tolling of bells, and at ten o'clock the opening ceremony began in the Jasper Hall. By this time the coffin had been sealed up in the presence of William II., and was enclosed in the same red velvet outer case which was used so short a time ago for William I.

Around stood the Ministers with the Imperial insignia and banners, and at the foot were the Emperor and Empress, Prince Henry, the Empress Augusta, with the other Royal mourners, and many officers, including Count Moltke. As at Emperor William's funeral Prince Bismarck was absent from indisposition. Nor were the Empress Victoria and her three daughters present. The mourning widow was so broken down that she could not bear the strain of the public ceremony, and so went to a special service at the little neighbouring church of Bornstädt, which her dead husband had built, and loved to attend. Noticeable, however among the mourners, were the four little sons of the Emperor William, the eldest erect and soldierly, the youngest in his nurse's arms. Court Chaplain Kögel performed a brief religious ceremony, interspersed with music, and the Emperor's coffin was then borne out of Friedrichskron by twelve colonels to the Imperial car, where it was covered with wreaths and the Imperial standard, and coronation mantle. The quaint golden helm, with its black and white plume, surmounted the coffin, a gold canopy being over the car, as at William I.'s funeral. Escorted by masses of troops, the hearse was preceded by the Ministers bearing the Imperial insignia. Knights of the Black Eagle and eighteen high officers held the corners of the pall and the cords of the canopy, then followed the Emperor's charger, and lastly, the Banner of the Empire, borne by Field-Marshal von Blumenthal. Now came the figure on which all eyes were turned, the young Emperor William, with pale, set face, having on his right the King of Saxony, and on his left, the Prince of Wales. Some time was spent outside Friedrichskron arranging the coffin and flowers on the hearse, so, during the interval, the mourners stood motionless outside, while the bands played the "Dead March." The Empress Augusta watched from the Terrace; while the Empress Victoria and her daughters were in the background at another window.

The procession moved slowly to the Friedenskirche amid solemn music and the tolling of bells. Sad and silent crowds filled every corner of the way to the church in the grounds of Sans Souci, a handsome structure in the Basilica style, built by Frederick William IV., who lies there with his consort Louisa. The interior is severely beautiful, with its paintings, marble pillars, and sculpture. The coffin was surrounded by mourners and officials as before, and a final Benediction pronounced, salvoes of artillery closing the funeral honours. Then the young Emperor knelt for a few moments at his father's coffin, an example followed by most of the other mourners, including the Prince and Princess of Wales. When all had gone the widowed Empress and her daughters came in to pray over the coffin, which is ultimately to be placed in the vault beside the two Princes Sigismund and Waldemar.

Throughout the German Empire Monday was generally observed as a day of mourning. Memorial Services were held in the churches; bells tolled, business was suspended, and schools were shut. Nor was the mourning a mere outward sign, but the genuine expression of universal, heartfelt regret for "Frederick the Pacific," whose remains so appropriately rest in the "Church of Peace." He will ever be remembered by the German people as "Our Fritz," for, as one of the Berlin organs aptly puts it, "though the Emperor Frederick is dead, he will live on as 'Unser Fritz' for ever." "The memory of 'Unser Fritz,'" says Prince Bismarck's journal, the *North German Gazette*, "will be an imperishable link in the bond of love and confidence which unites the Prussian people with its dynasty—this noble, high-minded Prince, whom the annals of the Fatherland will name the 'martyr'." The Post remarks that the Emperor Frederick was a still greater hero on the sick bed than on the battle-field, while the *Vossische* asserts that "the nation will be filled with the spirit emanating from all the words and deeds of the deceased monarch. His proclamation to his people, his letter to the Chancellor are his last will and words to those who remain behind him." In short, the verdict of his subjects on their late Sovereign is one united eulogy.

THE ACCESSION OF WILLIAM II.

HAS been marked at the very outset by the ardent military spirit which so dominates the new Emperor. Whilst the earliest thought of Frederick III. at his accession was devoted to the German people

at large—witness his Proclamation—William II. sets the Army first in view, and his stirring addresses to his soldiers on land and sea have struck a far different note from the mild tones of his predecessor. In his proclamation to the army, the young Kaiser declares that he assumes "the position to which God's will has called me," with firm and unshakable confidence, trusting in the devotion of the Army, which is a family inheritance. "Thus we belong to one another, I and the army; thus were we born for one another, and firmly and inseparably will we hold together whether God's will gives us peace or storm." He refers in the most tender terms to the memory of his grandfather, and to the ancestors who were so strongly linked to the Army, and concludes with a sentiment which seems more befitting a Norse hero of Pagan days than a modern Christian monarch—that he will ever bear in mind how he must one day render account of the Army's fame and honour, to the forefathers now looking down upon him from the other world. The address to the Navy conveys similar views, and alludes to the patriotism of the German sailor, and the connection of the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, with the service. Such open martial sentiments created a general feeling of uneasiness, save in advanced military circles, people fearing that the new reign augured an era of aggression and conquest rather than of peaceful domestic policy. Public opinion, therefore, was decidedly relieved by the Imperial proclamation to the Prussian people, which came out immediately after the funeral, and has favourably impressed the whole country. This proclamation is couched in far more sympathetic terms, and Kaiser William's loving description of his father's virtues and self-sacrifice touches all hearts. "Imperishable glory will illumine his chivalrous figure in the history of the Fatherland. I have vowed to God," he continues, "that after the example of my fathers, I will be a just and clement Prince to my people; that I will foster piety and the fear of God; and that I will protect peace, promote the welfare of the country, be a helper of the poor and distressed, and a true guardian of the right." He concludes by expressing his trust in the love and confidence which have ever existed between the Prussian people and their Sovereign. The sole fault found with this manifesto is, that it gives no clue to the Emperor's future policy. It is a prayer rather than a programme, remarks one critic. Apparently, however, the Imperial programme is to be more fully defined next Monday, when the Emperor opens the Reichstag. Two days later he will inaugurate the Session of the Prussian Diet, in order that he may take the Oath to the Constitution before both Chambers, according to law. Emperor William is now busying himself with the appointment of the new Minister of the Interior, which caused the last conflict of will between Emperor Frederick and Prince Bismarck. Speculation is rife as to the continuance of Prince Bismarck's influence over his new master, many alarmists contending that the strong-willed young Monarch must, sooner or later, revolt against the Chancellor's iron hand. No sign of such conflict is visible at present, Prince Bismarck being in constant attendance on his Sovereign. The young Emperor, also, shows special tenderness to his mother, the widowed Empress Victoria, who is at last completely unnerved by the removal of the long strain of nursing, and will, probably, go to the Rhenish district to escape the sad memories of Friedrichskron. She retains for her life the use of Charlottenburg and the Palace at Berlin, where she lived as Crown Princess, and the Schloss at Homburg. In announcing the death of her husband to the Empress Augusta, she telegraphed, "she who was so proud and happy to be his wife, weeps with you for your only son, poor mother." Just now, in Berlin, there is a complete revulsion of feeling in favour of the English. The Berliners are much touched by the sympathy shown in England and have been delighted with the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the funeral. A solemn Memorial Service will be held to-morrow in all the Prussian churches, when will be read the official notification of the late Emperor's death, and the accession of William II.

FOREIGN OPINION

UNANIMOUS regret has been expressed throughout the whole Continent at the death of the Emperor Frederick. In every country the late Emperor's enlightened mind, high principles, and amiable character are praised without stint. Most sympathetic and complimentary messages have come to Berlin from every European nation and from the United States. The various Parliaments have voted addresses of condolence, the Courts are in mourning, and Memorial Services were general in most capitals on the day of the funeral. Moreover, the universal regret for Emperor Frederick is deepened by uneasiness at the accession of a warlike Prince such as William II. It is thought that the present Emperor not only possesses all the traditional fighting qualities of the Hohenzollerns, but is eager to win his spurs in person—a dangerous spirit in the present strained condition of European peace. On the other hand, politicians agree that whilst Prince Bismarck is at the head of affairs German international policy will not be materially modified, and that the Chancellor's influence will counterbalance Emperor William's militarism. Such arguments do not allay alarm, however, and even the Emperor's pacific proclamation is scarcely approved in AUSTRIA, both Austrian and Hungarian journals observing that the manifesto throws no light on Germany's intended attitude towards her neighbours. Accordingly, Count Kalnoky was sharply questioned on the subject in the Austrian Delegation, and gave somewhat enigmatic replies, pointing out that as the friendly relations of the two countries remained unaltered on the previous change of sovereigns, so the second change leaves it intact. But Count Kalnoky's remarks on the preservation of peace were more hopeful than assured, for he insisted on the necessity of the nation being prepared to rely on their own strength rather than on alliances. Altogether, he took a gloomy view of the European situation, observing that the Eastern Question was no nearer solution, and that Austria must necessarily be affected as she was the nation most nearly concerned by the condition of Bulgaria. He spoke favourably, however, of the Empire's foreign relations in general, stating that the unfriendliness of the Russian Press was distinct from the feeling of the St. Petersburg Government. On her side RUSSIA is studiously amiable to the new German Emperor, the Press having had a hint not to take a pessimist view of the situation. The Czar, too, has appointed William II. honorary colonel of a Russian regiment. ITALY is more cordially sympathetic, considering the warm friendship existing between King Humbert and the late Emperor; while FRANCE positively expresses nothing but regret and admiration for her quondam foe. Emperor Frederick's humane attitude when a conqueror in France has blotted out the fact of his nationality, and the French people in general have shown a rare self-control, differing widely from the brutal comments on the death of William I. But Gallic politicians are sorely alarmed by the advent of William II., and his manifestoes to the army and navy have thrown them into a perfect fever of nervousness. Accordingly, when speaking during a visit to Marseilles, the Prime Minister took the opportunity to insist upon the desire of the nation for peace, and pointed out that France does not provoke any one, being "patient and resigned," especially at the present moment. He also averred that the army was above politics—a hit at General Boulanger. The Press in general very sensibly combats this unreasoning dread of the young Kaiser's intentions, alleging that the Chief of a State, however warlike his tendencies, never recklessly rushes into war without reason. Still an unpleasant sensation is likely to be created by the expulsion of two French journalists from Berlin on the plea that they had insulted the Imperial family.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS OF THE WEEK

IN FRANCE the Boulangists have met with a sad disappointment in the defeat of M. Déroulède, at the Charente election. "To vote for M. Déroulède is to vote for me," declared General Boulanger, yet the Bonapartist candidate heads the poll, and M. Déroulède is nowhere. There is little else of domestic interest to chronicle, save M. de Lesseps' hopeful account of the Panama Canal at a banquet given in Paris to the new President of the Ecuadorian Republic, M. Flores, formerly Minister to Paris. M. Lesseps declared that in a year's time the largest ships would traverse the isthmus by means of locks, and that the proper canal would be completed much sooner than people imagined. Paris is interested in a sensational tragedy, M. Heriot, the manager of the huge Magasins du Louvre, having shot his wife; and Parisians are laughing heartily at a lively farce on marital troubles, the *Couquin de Printemps*, by MM. Jaime and Georges Duval, at the Folies Dramatiques. A well-known Bonapartist is dead, M. de Maupas, who won much unpleasant notoriety as Prefect of Police during the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851. The well-known etcher, M. Rajon, has also died at the age of forty-six.

The Presidential campaign in the UNITED STATES is now in full energy, and all attention this week has been turned to the Republican Convention at Chicago. Over 200,000 visitors crowd the city, which is alive with noisy processions in favour of the respective candidates, whose qualifications are enthusiastically set forth on the flags and banners adorning the windows. The Blaine party are the most noisy of all, and seem bent on nominating their man, notwithstanding his express refusal to stand as a candidate. Mr. Chauncey Depew and Senator Sherman are considered to run a fair chance of success, and amongst the most likely "dark horses" is Judge Gresham, the Chicago favourite. Most probably the supporters of the minor candidates will rally under the Blaine standard as soon as they see no chance for their own party. The Convention met on Tuesday, under Mr. John Thurston, of Nebraska, as temporary Chairman. Mr. Thurston warmly advocated Protection, and lauded Mr. Blaine, "our Henry of Navarre," while denouncing the foreign policy of the Cleveland Administration as "such as pleased every coward." Next day Mr. Estee of California was chosen as Permanent Chairman—a strong Blaine supporter. So far the Convention have occupied themselves with outside parades and lively scenes in the Committee meetings more than with business.

In INDIA the success of the Sikkim expedition has led to the main body of British troops being withdrawn to Darjeeling, whence they can advance if required. Colonel Bromhead and 800 Pioneers will hold Gnaton, which has been well strengthened, and provided with two mountain-guns. On their side, the Tibetans have built a defensive wall across the Jalapa Pass, reaching right up to the heights. The Viceroy has sent a congratulatory message to the British force. Disagreeable news comes from the Afghan border, where Colonel Battye, Captain Urmston, and six native soldiers have been killed by the Akodais tribe from the Black Mountain. They had crossed the frontier on an exploring expedition. An alarming outbreak of crime has occurred in Madras, so that the whole body of police were on duty at night for three weeks—without, however, doing much good. The natives were so afraid of the thieves that they dared not call out for help on being attacked lest they should be murdered.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Ministry in SPAIN has been reconstituted under Señor Sagasta, and will follow the same policy as the previous Cabinet.—In RUSSIA the Czar has declined to double the number of reserve battalions—at present mustering ninety-six, subdivided into four companies of 1,000 men apiece. He considers that the political situation does not require such a measure. In the forthcoming military manoeuvres no foreign observers will be allowed.—In AUSTRIA-HUNGARY the Hungarian Delegations have granted the extra military credit of 47,000,000 florins demanded by the Government.—The discussion on Chinese immigration to AUSTRALIA has been concluded by the Conference at Sydney. The Conference petitions the Home Government to negotiate with CHINA to protect the Colonies from the entrance of Chinese immigrants, with the exception of officials, travellers, merchants, students, and a few other instances. Meanwhile the Colonies themselves would endeavour to pass a uniform measure to this effect, besides abolishing the poll-tax, and limiting the proportion of Chinese immigrants to tonnage to one in every 500 tons.



THE death of the German Emperor has thrown the British Court into the deepest mourning. All State festivities are countermanded for the rest of the London season, the Royal family will be unable to fulfil many of their engagements during some weeks to come, and Court mourning will be worn for six weeks. General mourning is also commanded for a fortnight. The Queen deeply feels the loss of her son-in-law, to whom Her Majesty was much attached, and is further affected by the distress of the Empress-Dowager Victoria, "bereft of the best and noblest of husbands"—to quote the official notice from Balmoral. A Memorial Service took place at Balmoral on Monday, at the same hour as the late Emperor's funeral, the Queen being present with Princess Beatrice, the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Henry, who had returned from London on Saturday. Special prayers and lessons were read by the Rev. A. Campbell, while the Aberdeen Madrigal Choir sang hymns and Spohr's "Blest are the Departed." The Royal party remained in complete seclusion until Wednesday, when they left Balmoral for the South, reaching Windsor to break-fast on Thursday morning. Wednesday was the 51st anniversary of the Queen's Accession.

The Prince and Princess of Wales broke up their Ascot party immediately after receiving the news of Emperor Frederick's death, and returned to town, where the Prince at once paid a visit of condolence to the German Ambassador. After receiving Princesses Christian and Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz on Saturday, the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, left town in the evening for Berlin, to attend the Imperial Funeral. They travelled via Dover, Calais, and Cologne, and reached Berlin late on Sunday night, taking up their quarters at the British Embassy. After attending the funeral at Potsdam on Monday, they spent some hours with the widowed Empresses Augusta and Victoria, and returned to Berlin to dine in private with the British Ambassador and his wife. On Tuesday they again went to Potsdam to lunch with the Imperial family, dining quietly at the Embassy in the evening. Next day they inspected the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, lunched with the Emperor and Empress at Potsdam, and visited the Empress-Dowager Victoria. On Thursday the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor left for home, travelling via Flushing. Being unable through the Court mourning to open the Great Northern Central Hospital on Monday, the Prince and Princess will perform the ceremony towards the end of July.



MADAME NILSSON'S FAREWELL.—On Wednesday evening, at the Royal Albert Hall, Madame Christine Nilsson took her farewell of the public. Considering that the great Swedish *prima donna* gained her reputation as a lyric artist, it seems a pity that her *adieu*s were not sung from the stage rather than from the platform, or, at any rate, that—save the *Air des Bijoux* which she gave for an encore—she did not select for her part in the concert any one of the songs which she has made famous in opera. Under the circumstances, we need not further criticise the programme, in the course of which the lady sang no fewer than nine works, nor describe the scene of leave-taking, which was necessarily a mixture of enthusiasm and regret. Madame Nilsson's active life is now closed, and, save perhaps from time to time occasionally singing for charities, her voice will not again be heard in public. It is of course much too soon to write her memoir, but, on this occasion, the leading events of a brilliant career may well be brought to remembrance. The daughter of a small farmer of Wexiö, Madame Nilsson is yet not quite forty-five years old, and is therefore the junior of her two great rivals, Madame Patti and Madame Pauline Lucca. "Discovered" by the Swedish vocalist, Fraulein Valerius, after her retirement Baroness Leuhusen, she was taken by the Baroness to Paris, and was placed under Wartel, who had then previously been the teacher of Madame Trebelli. In 1867 Mdlle. Nilsson made her *début* at Her Majesty's, and from this point her fame commenced. After her London success she left the Théâtre Lyrique, and, as *prima donna* at the Grand Opéra, became the great rival of Mdlle. Adelina Patti at the Italiens. The rivalry (always, be it said, a friendly rivalry) extended to England, when Mdlle. Nilsson headed Mr. Mapleson's company, and Mdlle. Patti that of Mr. F. Gye. In 1869 the two troupes coalesced, but in the following year Mdlle. Nilsson and most of the old Her Majesty's staff "secessed" to Drury Lane. In the winter of 1870, and during the whole of 1871, Mdlle. Nilsson remained in the United States, where she amassed a large fortune, which, despite losses by the Chicago fire and in other ways, has never seriously been diminished. In 1872 Madame Nilsson was married to M. Rouzeaud in Westminster Abbey, and from that year till the end of 1881 she annually took part in the opera season here. In 1882 M. Rouzeaud died, and the *prima donna*, so far as we recollect, has not since appeared on the stage, though she has from time to time sung at concerts. Last year, as it will be remembered, Madame Nilsson, *en second noces*, married the Count Casa di Miranda, and soon afterwards resolved to retire from public life. Madame Nilsson never gained the renown on the concert platform achieved by many great artists down to Madame Albani, who is now the admitted head of the British concert sopranos. But on the operatic stage, during the height of her career, her only rival was Madame Adelina Patti. She will be recollect as the original Mignon, Ophelia, Margaret (Boito), and Edith Plantagenet, and as one of the greatest of Marguerites, Alices, Desdemona, and Elsas. In *Les Huguenots*, *Trovatore*, and other "grand" operas she won little success, but old opera goers will always recollect with pleasure her Cherubino, Astrifiammante, Martha, Elvira, Violetta, Lucia, and Countess Almaviva.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The Twelfth Handel Festival will begin with the full public rehearsal at the Crystal Palace on Friday of this week, followed by the regular performance of *Messiah* on Monday, of the "Selection" on Wednesday, and of *Israel in Egypt* on Friday next week. Of details we shall, of course, have more to say in our next issue. It will suffice now to point out that the Handel Festival maintains its national character by the engagement of a compact body of over 2,000 voices from London, and of about half as many more from various parts of the country, that is to say, from Dublin and Penzance in the west to Norwich in the east, and from Glasgow to Winchester, and including some of the picked vocalists from Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and the Festival cities. Mr. Manns is, of course, again conductor, and in order to secure as good a performance as possible, two orchestral, and no fewer than five London choral (besides several provincial), rehearsals have been held. The conservative character of the Festivals is also maintained in the engagement of soloists. For example, Mr. Santley has already sung at eight, Madame Patey at six, Mr. Lloyd and Madame Trebelli at five, Madame Albani at four, and Madame Valleria at two Handel Festivals. And, lastly, it may be pointed out that the programme of the "Selection" day is this year even more than usually interesting, as it includes many old favourites, besides several works which have not before been sung by this gigantic choir.

THE OPERA.—The principal event of the past week has been the revival of *Lohengrin*, which proved so financially and artistically successful that the projected revival of Mozart's *Magic Flute* is for the present shunted for a repetition of Wagner's opera. It is, however, only fair to say that the cast, at any rate, was as strong as has ever been granted *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden. MM. Edouard and Jean de Reszke as the King and Lohengrin, and Madame Albani as Elsa, repeated old successes, and although of course Madame Hasteire, like almost all of her predecessors in the part, was not an ideal Ortrud, yet both the Telramund of Signor d'Andrade and the Herald of Signor Navarrini were excellent; the last, unlike most Heralds, specially distinguishing himself by singing in tune.

The rest of the performances of the week need little more than bare mention. On Thursday last week Madame Hauk sang Carmen. On Monday *Les Huguenots* was repeated with Madame Fursch-Madi as Valentine; on Tuesday Miss Arnoldson once more played Rosina in *Il Barbiere* (singing in the Lesson scene the Shadow Song from *Dinorah*, and the late Mr. Strakosch's version of "Home Sweet Home"); and on Wednesday *Faust* was performed with a most powerful cast, which included Mesdames Albani and Scalchi, MM. J. and E. de Reszke and Lassalle.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert season is now gradually coming to a close. The last Philharmonic concert took place on Saturday, when Mesdames Menter and Soldat played, and a curious rendering was vouchsafed under Herr Johan Svendsen's direction of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.—On Monday Dr. Richter conducted Berlioz' *Faust*. The orchestral portions were very finely played, but on the other hand the choral performance was somewhat poor.—Dr. von Bülow will give his last recital on Tuesday. At his third recital there was once more a small audience. But the Doctor was in his best form, and his rendering of the "Appassionata," "Les Adieux," and of the last three sonatas, Op. 109, 110, and 111, was, with the exception of one or two points, remarkably fine.—On Tuesday, the popular violinist, M. Musin, gave his only concert this season, and the celebrated New York conductor, Mr. Walter Damrosch, produced a "Serenade" for violin and orchestra by his father, the most interesting feature of which was a pretty scherzo.—Among nearly sixty concerts announced during the past week we need refer only cursorily to those given by Madame Sophie Menter (who appeared to better advantage in the Liszt transcriptions than in the music of Beethoven or Schumann); by Sir Charles Hallé, who

introduced a somewhat feeble pianoforte trio by Lalo; by the Tonic Solfaists (at the Crystal Palace), who performed the so-called Mozart's Twelfth Mass, which is now acknowledged to be a bogus work; by the Royal College students; by the Wagner Society, who (*mirabile dictu!*) performed Wagner's most advanced music with a mere pianoforte accompaniment; by Miss Canz, Miss Emma Barnett; and very many—too many—others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Russian Opera Company will open a season at Manchester on Monday, and threaten afterwards to come to London. They promise no fewer than eight operas, most of them with names too complicated to print until the time comes to talk about them.—Mr. Carl Rosa will open his next opera season on August 20th at Dublin.—Little Otto Illegner will give his "farewell" recital next Thursday.



A SERVICE IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK, and conducted by the Dean and Canons, was held on Monday in Westminster Abbey, which was crowded to overflowing. An appropriate and impressive address was delivered by the Dean. At the conclusion of the service the "Dead March" in *Saw* was played by Dr. Bridge, the whole congregation, which included the Primate and other persons of distinction, rising and standing until its close.

The death of the late Emperor was naturally a prominent theme in many of the sermons preached in the London churches and chapels on Sunday, among the most eloquent of them being that of the Bishop of Derry, listened to by a very large congregation at the evening service in the nave of Westminster Abbey.—In the course of his sermon at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore narrated an interesting incident of which he had been personally cognisant. It was his duty some years ago to attend the then Crown Prince when he visited an hospital in Germany. The case which most interested the Prince was that of a little girl who was evidently near her end. He seated himself by the bedside of the pauper-child, and tried to cheer her. The light shining on one of the Prince's decorations attracted her, and the Prince leaned over her so as to let her wane little hand play with it. "It is a new use, sir, for a decoration," said a bystander. "It had never half so good a use before," was the Prince's rejoinder.

THE NEW BISHOP SURFRAGAN OF BEDFORD is the Rev. R. C. BILLING, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of Spitalfields since 1878, before which he was for two years one of the secretaries of the Church Missionary Society in the Diocese of York, for ten years Vicar of Holy Trinity, Louth, and for five years of Holy Trinity, Islington. He is understood to be a Liberal Evangelical. At Spitalfields, he worked zealously for the unemployed and the poor, and he is described as when there having "done greater work among Jews and succeeded in winning their confidence more than any clergyman in London." He has recently given very interesting evidence before the House of Lords' Committee on Sweating, with respect to the deplorable condition, social and sanitary, of the Jewish immigrants into the East End.—One of the five vacant stalls in St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the gift of the Bishop of London, that of Brondesbury, has been filled by the appointment to it of the Rev. John W. Festing, Rural Dean of St. Pancras, and Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY presided, on Tuesday, at the seventy-seventh annual meeting of the National Society, the report presented stating that last year the Church educated 431,225 more children than the School Boards. Among the resolutions adopted was one moved by Lord Carnarvon, which protested against placing public elementary schools connected with a religious community under severe pecuniary disadvantages as compared with rate-aided schools.



THE PAINFUL AND IMPORTANT ACTION of Hutt, father and son, against the Governors, the head-master, and the house-master of Haileybury College, after occupying Mr. Justice Field for nearly a week, reached on Tuesday a stage which, if not exactly final, is decisive as to the opinion of the jury on the main questions of fact involved. These were (1) whether the junior plaintiff, Henry Hutt, a youth of fifteen at the time of the alleged offence, was guilty of stealing from the money-box of a group of other boys a marked half-crown found in his desk; and (2) whether the two masters had reasonable grounds for concluding him to be guilty, and in confining him, expelling him, and reporting him to be guilty, acted and spoke honestly, and in good faith. On these points the jury acquitted both Hutt, junior, and the defendant masters, the former of the offence laid to his charge, and the latter of acting and speaking unreasonably and maliciously. Thefts of money had, it was proved, been going on for a number of years before Hutt's admission to the college, and have been going on at the average rate since his expulsion. The chief agent in the operation planned for the discovery of the theft with which Hutt was charged was a Mr. Campbell, the "marshal" of the establishment, an officer of an inferior grade, and employed in keeping watch over the young gentlemen of the college. It was at his suggestion that the marked money was placed in the box from which there had been thefts, and it was he who searched for and found the marked half-crown in the desk of Hutt, on whom suspicion had fallen, but who, both at the time of the discovery and in the witness-box, declared that he was innocent. In his careful summing up Mr. Justice Field remarked that, without saying a word against Campbell's character (and he received a good one), it was bad policy to employ a person of his position and status in so delicate a matter as this. It was suggested for the prosecution that the half-crown had been placed in Hutt's desk by the actual thief or thieves.

THE SLIGHT APPARENT ADVANCE TOWARDS A TRIAL of his action recently reported in this column as having been made by the claimant to the Townley estates has not been maintained. The Court of Appeal have rescinded the order so far in favour of a trial by which Mr. Justice North allowed his allegation of a concealed fraud to take the case out of the Statute of Limitations. The Court being unanimously of opinion that the action was frivolous and vexatious, and ought to be stopped, dismissed it with costs, to be paid by the plaintiff.

A REPREHENSIBLE CUSTOM is beginning to be established of charging on Sundays unusual and exorbitant fares in some omnibuses, and of justifying them by pointing out to the indignant passenger that the fare demanded is printed on a fare-table at the end of the omnibus where, especially at night, it is often scarcely distinguishable. On a recent Sunday this was the excuse made for charging a

**THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER
VICTORIA OF GERMANY**

THE Empress-Dowager Victoria of Germany, with whose deep grief all Europe is now so keenly sympathising, has ever been noted as one of the most able and talented Princesses in Royal circles. During her childhood many pleasant anecdotes were current concerning the wit and vivacity of the Princess Royal, and as she advanced in years it speedily came to be remarked that a more amiable and accomplished lady had never adorned the British Court. When also, in 1858, the Princess married Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and went to reside, in Germany, her popularity followed her to the land of her adoption, and as General von Moltke once said, "She showed how she could love both countries, and be true to both mother and husband." As became the wife of a Hohenzollern, and one of the most distinguished soldiers in Europe, the Princess Victoria took great interest in military matters, and one of our sketches shows her riding at the head of the Second Regiment of Hussars (Liebhussaren), of which she is still honorary colonel, and which she headed in the march past before the late Emperor William at the autumn manoeuvres of 1883. Nor did she shrink from the practical details of war, as during the campaign of 1870 she was a constant visitor to the military hospitals, and doctors of the Red Cross Society found that the Princess knew the whole details of the medical organisation, the method of caring for the wounded, in war having been the subject of her earnest study and attention. Like her husband, however, she took a greater delight in the arts of peace than those of war. In her hours of leisure she painted—and painted well, as visitors to our Water-Colour Galleries have cause to know—the remark having been frequently made that had she not been born a Princess, she might have made a good living as an artist. As an additional proof of her skill, we may mention that an artist now deceased had occasion to ask Her Royal Highness for some details of costume for a painting that he was executing for the Queen. The Princess at once sat down, and made a sketch off-hand of her recollection of it in a



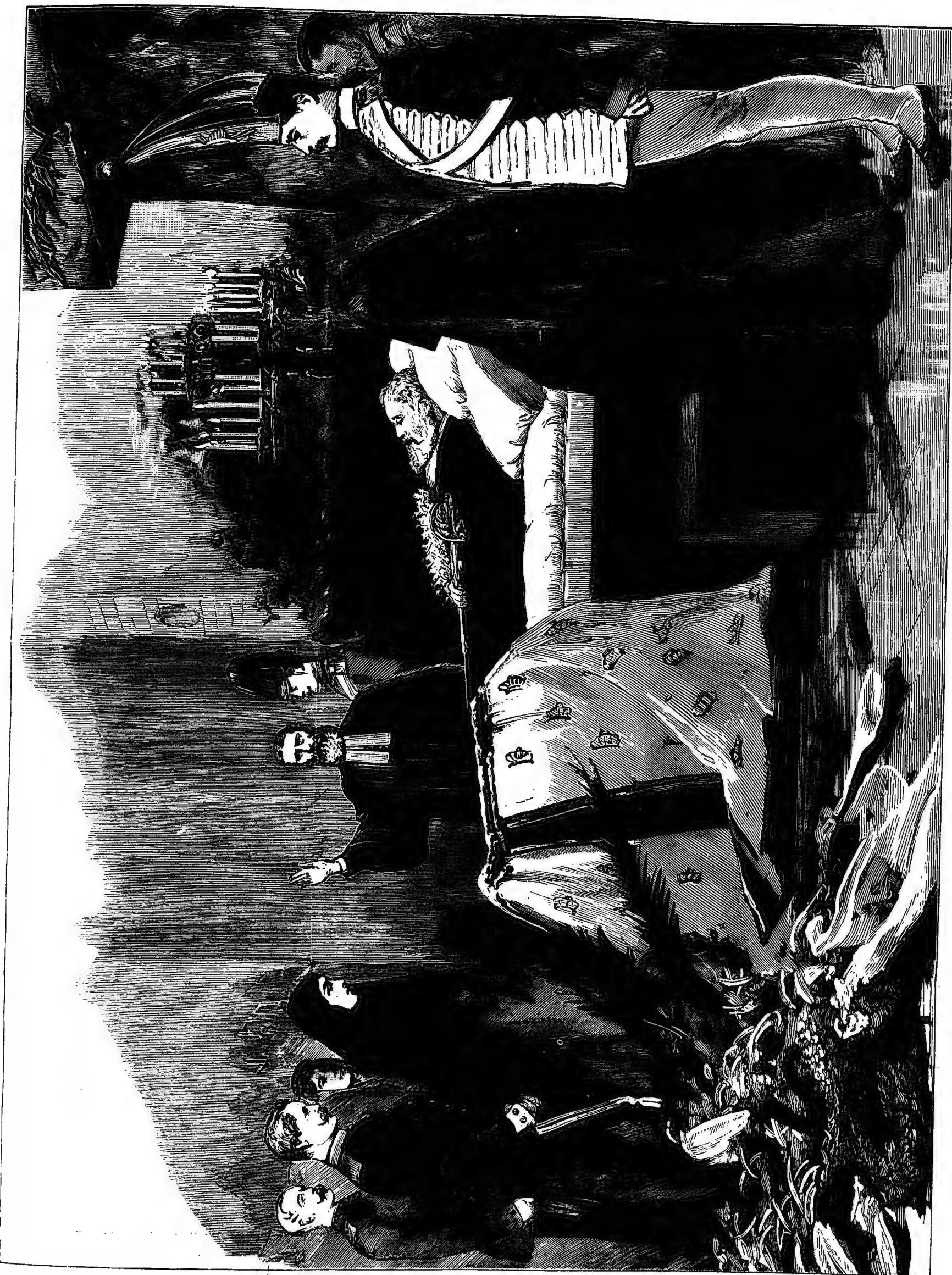
H. I. M. THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER VICTORIA OF GERMANY
PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN
From a Sketch made by the late E. M. Ward R.A. at the time of her Marriage

way few professional artists could have excelled. The Empress also is one of the best-read women in Europe, and, as a recent writer remarked, is by no means afraid to dip into Revolutionary literature in order to find out what the Socialists really want. Once she remarked to a courtier, surprised at her selection of this line of literature, "I suppose one may fish for pearls in any water, but I have not found any in these." A great enemy of intolerance, the Empress has throughout her life been a staunch friend of liberty of thought and action. She took an active part against the Jew-baiters a few years since, and, as a set-off against Herr Stocker's denunciations, invited a number of prominent Israelites to dinner at her palace. Her influence was as strongly felt in high political circles, and many of the interminable quarrels of Prussia with the minor States of Germany are stated to have been smoothed away by her peacemaking spirit and by the judicious tact which formed one of the chief characteristics both of herself and her husband. In the domestic circle the Empress has ever been no less-renowned for the care with which she has fulfilled the duties of a mother and nurse. When the present Emperor was a boy at school at Potsdam, and invited little friends home, she might have been seen paying a visit to the nursery to see all was well, and pinning the serviettes round the children's throats. The Empress watched and superintended her children's education with the utmost solicitude, so much so, that it was said that they learned the best part of what they knew from her. Devoted to her husband, the Empress shared completely his liberal political views, and it will still be fresh in every one's memory how on his accession she was bitterly assailed by the ultra-Conservative Press, which charged her with endeavouring to bring about a relaxation of that hard-and-fast Junkerdom which is so characteristic a feature of Prussian rule. Of the sad period of her husband's too brief reign, however, we need say little. The Empress has shown real heroism under the most terrible circumstances which can be conceived. Though for a year she has seen the Emperor gradually sinking day by day, she has borne



THE HEAD OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE DEATH OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR



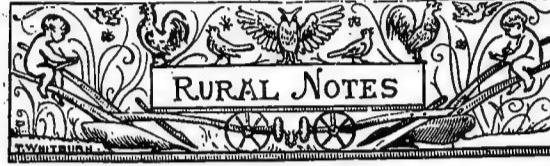
THE DEATH OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR—THE LYING-IN STATE IN THE CASTLE OF FRIEDRICHSKRON
THE PRIVATE RELIGIOUS SERVICE BEFORE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, SATURDAY, JUNE 10

up with the greatest bravery, and has astonished even the doctors by her intimate knowledge of his symptoms and the characteristics of the dread disease from which he was suffering, only breaking down when the husband she had loved so devotedly had gone to his rest, his last glance and smile having been for her.

LEGAL (continued)

passenger a shilling, instead of a penny, or at most twopence, which he had expected to pay, for driving him from Sloane Street to Piccadilly Circus. He summoned the conductor of the omnibus, which was licensed to run between Bayswater and the Bank, but which on that day was running to Hampton Court, and it appeared that on a board placed at the end of the omnibus was printed "All short distances, is." This turned out to be a reversible board, on the other side of which were printed the usual and legitimate fares between Paddington and the Bank. An Inspector from the Metropolitan Stage Carriage Department, Scotland Yard, surprised the Westminster Police-magistrate by intimating that moveable fare-boards are allowed when a route is changed, so that a man might charge 10s. for a ride, say from Charing Cross to the Temple, the department in such a case having no control. On looking into the Acts, Mr. D'Eyncourt, however, told him that the practice was quite illegal, and that one of them directed that the table of fares be painted on the body of the omnibus itself, and not on a sliding framework which allowed imposition and fraud. Had it not been for the extension of some sort of official sanction to the practice he would have imposed a very severe penalty. As it was he fined the conductor 5s., and 10s. costs, for demanding more than his legal fare.

AN EVENT OF THE HIGHEST INTEREST for racing men is the trial of the libel action which Wood, the jockey, has brought against the proprietor of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* for asserting that he, when riding General Williams's Success at Lewes and Alexandra Park, "nearly pulled its head off." Many leading jockeys were called as witnesses, and the Court was crowded each day. At the time of our going to press the trial was not ended.



THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER will be faring well for the next three months, when hay, corn, hop, and root and fruit harvests follow each other as rapidly as do the actual weeks. But, as usual, he will utterly fail, when earning five-and-twenty shillings, to make any provision for the time from December to May, when almost certainly he will be only earning half that sum, and when, for some frost-bound weeks at least, he may be out of work altogether. Can we blame him? Only a "hard man," we think, could do so. The craving for pleasure is part of human life, and the margin left therefor is not marvellous even on harvest earnings of five and twenty shillings a-week. Nor shall we do well to blame him for failing in the Agricultural Labourers' Union to establish either an efficient or an economical society for his advancement and support. Seeing what his "better" have established with their Metropolitan Board of Works and their Vestries and similar gatherings (to quote the Chairman of the first-named body) of "noble and distinguished men," we cannot think the agricultural labourer supremely foolish even in supporting a Society which, according to a return published last Saturday in the *Field*, has spent out of total funds of 182,000/- the enormous proportion of 36,332/- on salaries and office expenses. Our contemporary has tracked the matter out, and finds that less than 100,000/- has been devoted directly to the labourer himself. No wonder that the roll of members is rapidly and generally on the decline.

THE SUFFOLK AGRICULTURAL SHOW was held last week at Christchurch Park, near Ipswich. The Suffolk Punches were the centre of interest. The stallions were not the best show we have seen, but the recent demand for export has temporarily thinned the ranks. The mares and foals, however, were very good. Foals of the Suffolk breed are almost unequalled in their precocious development, and in no breed of horses do the mares approach so nearly to the stallions in size and crest. There was a small but choice display of Shire-breds, in which division the horses from Elsenham attracted great admiration. The show of red-polled cattle was worthy of East Anglia, but the best animals came from Norfolk rather than from the exhibiting county. Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, Mr. Colman, and Mr. Hammond, all Norfolk men, were the principal cattle victors of the Show.

LUCERNE is one of the oldest of forage plants. The Medes and Persians were as unchangeable in their attachment to it as to their laws. The famous Parthian horsemen nourished their steeds upon it, and the Arabs and Barbs of the Moorish warriors were believed to owe many of their distinctive qualities to their being fed on lucerne. A southern plant, it will hardly stand the bleaker air of our northern shores; but it is reasonably hardy, and grows well wherever the fury of east winds is not great. Well known for ages, it is extraordinary that the best method of cultivating it is at this very moment a matter of keen dispute. A leading firm of seedsmen in their printed instructions have announced that growers would do well to sow it, and leave it untouched by plough, scarifier, or harrow. This advice a leading agricultural journal meets with a direct negative. We have no space for controversy here, but the sooner the experts agree on the matter the better for growers.

COWKEEPING.—A clergyman in Hampshire gives a very gratifying account of the good effects of cowkeeping in the case of his parishioners. He was induced to hire out cows among the people of his parish on account of the difficulty they experienced in obtaining milk. Having some glebe-land in permanent pasture, he made a beginning. It happened that a blacksmith had an invalid child, for whom the doctor recommended milk as being indispensable for her, and, as it was quite unobtainable, the man agreed, on the Vicar's advice, to hire a cow of him, to undertake the labour of milking, to sell milk in the village at 1s. a gallon, and to pay 12/- 10s. for the hire. The Vicar, on his part, was to feed the cow, and if at the end of six months the hirer preferred to abandon the business, no charge was to be made for the hire. But instead of desiring to relinquish the undertaking, the blacksmith hired another cow at the end of the term, and six months later, finding a good demand for milk, he requested the hire of a third. Another clergyman writes, as the result of much experience, "Cows for the poor do more good than any amount of preaching at them." In many parts of the country allotments are extending, and the hire of cow-plots might be much increased if only the plan could be organised, and the arrangements between landowner and labourer made by competent and trusted persons free of charge. Here certainly is a work in which the country clergy can do much good of the most practical kind.

EPPING FOREST is still sufficiently unsophisticated for the name of "rural" to be no misnomer, but its enjoyment by the thousands of lovers of the country, who are compelled by their work to live in London, is being rapidly curtailed, if not extinguished, owing to a couple of perfectly preventible causes. The "drunk and furious crowd of German Jews" to whose conduct at Waltham Abbey magisterial attention has been directed simply witness to the fact that on the borders of a population of five millions there will always be an appreciable proportion of scum, or as that "master of

English," Mr. Bright, used to prefer saying, "residuum." But this residuum is controllable by two well-known means, a good show of policemen at their favourite drinking-booths; and, secondly, by sentences of a month's imprisonment "without the option of a fine." The absence of a sufficient police force, and the almost imbecile mildness of many magisterial sentences, are the two very clearly preventible causes of the present disgraceful state of this beautiful forest.

THE SAND GROUSE.—There seems fair hope that this new immigrant from Tartary, to which we have already called attention, may become an established addendum to the British birds. Thousands have been observed at different parts of the island, and some large landholders have happily given the most absolute orders that they are to be allowed to breed in peace, and, in general, to be treated as real grouse. Parliament might well pass a measure enacting that the new bird is entitled to all the protection enjoyed by the grouse. As a sporting contemporary remarks, the new bird is at present unprotected; it is in no "schedule," and no honest naturalist could swear it was a grouse. It is a link between that bird and the pigeon, and has the special characteristics of both.

HARES.—The failure of the promoters of the Bill to provide a close time for hares is simply deplorable. Here we have a great majority of the House of Commons known to be in favour of protecting one of our few remaining wild animals during that period when the commonest humanity suggests protection, viz., the breeding season. The other Chamber, the Lords, is understood to be practically unanimous in favour of the measure. And yet a Government supposed to require a majority in both Houses to support it, can safely and cynically refuse a single day to discuss and pass the protecting enactment.



MESSRS. W. MARSHALL AND CO.—Two well written sacred songs for the home circle are: "Gloria Tibi, Domine," written and composed by Heron S. Gate and Joseph Barnby; and "The King of Kings," words by A. Horspool, music by Alfred Rawlings. Both these songs are published in three keys. A pretty love song with a sad ending is "The Hills of Arcady," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Henry Pontet. Of a well-worn but popular type is "Somewhere!" written and composed by Ed. St. Quentin. By the above composer is martial song for the barrack room, entitled "The Brave Old Guard," words by Lawrence Fane. This song would also find favour at a popular concert. Quaint and taking is "Silks and Satins," *danses antiques* by Paul de Faye; a capital piece to be learnt by heart.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—School boys and girls will be charmed with "Prairie Life," a dramatic cantata, by A. J. Foxwell, who so often turns his attention to their amusement. In this cantata the life of the "cowboys," which has been made familiar to the youths of England by Buffalo Bill, is graphically depicted. Although the scene is laid in the Western Prairies, a well wooded park in England, would make an excellent outdoor stage; but four out of fifteen principal characters are required to sing, the remainder only speak. There is a chorus of emigrants, Indians, and cowboys, with plenty of noise and fighting to amuse the male members of the dramatic company, while the two "leading ladies" have some pretty songs and duets. More sentimental and romantic than the above, and more difficult to learn is "The Fairy Grotto," an operetta, by G. W. Stratton; it is the latest issue of the excellent series of "School Cantatas and Operettas." Here again a garden or a wood will serve for a stage with natural scenery; the assistance of a skillful carpenter will be required for Acts III. and IV., to run up a cottage front and a fairy grotto. The dialogue is bright and neatly written, the music is melodious enough to catch the most obtuse ears, and both the costumes and stage directions are clearly given.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS' MEMORIAL

THE unveiling by Lord Wolseley of the memorial to War Correspondents in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral last Saturday was a noteworthy event in the history of the Newspaper Press in England. It associated the Army and the Press in a way they have never been associated before, for it acknowledged that the soldier and the war-correspondent share equal dangers, if they do not win equal rewards. The memorial unveiled on Saturday in solemn silence is of latten-brass. It is from the design of Mr. Herbert Johnson, an artist who has himself done excellent service as a war-correspondent for this journal. Mr. J. Gawthorpe, of Long Acre, executed the work, which is the largest of its kind ever attempted. The memorial has been subscribed for by members of the Press, and it bears the names of seven men who fell at different times during the recent disturbances in the Soudan. O Donovan and Vizetelly, the latter of whom contributed several sketches of the campaign to this journal, fell with the brave Hicks in the early slaughter at Kashgil, the Mahdi's first great victory. Power, who was shut up with General Gordon in Khartoum, was butchered with Colonel Stewart on the banks of the Nile, while attempting to establish communications with the advancing British flotilla. Cameron and Herbert were killed at Abu Klea. Gordon wandered away in the desert and was lost after the retreat from Gubat, and Roberts died of fever at Suakin. Never before was there such a slaughter of correspondents. After the unveiling of the Memorial, the company adjourned to the Press Club, Ludgate Circus, where sympathetic speeches were delivered by Mr. H. H. S. Pearce of the *Daily News* (himself a survivor of the last Soudan Campaign), Lord Wolseley, and Lord Charles Beresford.

ANXIETY RESPECTING MR. STANLEY'S FATE is at last openly acknowledged by the Congo officials. Reports from deserters agree in stating that Mr. Stanley and his party have met with great difficulties, and that several men have died, while one rumour speaks of Mr. Stanley himself being wounded. Another rumour from Zanzibar asserts that the explorer is dead, his fate being due to the secret antipathy of Tippoo Tib, whose slave-dealings he checked. Several former Belgian explorers in Africa have offered the Government to start in search of the missing expedition, following the Congo route.

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—The Ascot Meeting, which opened in joy and sunshine, ended in sadness and rain. On the whole, however, the running was good, and, as a fair proportion of favourites won, backers did not have such a bad time as in some previous years. On Thursday the chief event was, of course, the Gold Cup. This was won by Timothy, Tissaphernes being second, and Tenébreuse third. Seabreeze was made favourite for the Rous Memorial Stakes, but her exertions in the Coronation Stakes the day before had taken too much out of her, and she succumbed to Phil. Donovan added another win to his credit in the New Stakes, Satiety won the Twenty-Sixth Biennial for Lord Calthorpe, and in the St. James's Palace Stakes Ossory and Galore, the only starters, ran a dead heat, the stakes being afterwards divided. Next day Timothy scored again in the Alexandra Plate, and thus rendered himself the hero of the week. The chief interest of the day, however, was raised by the Wokingham Stakes. On the strength of his victory in the Royal Hunt Cup, Shillelagh was made favourite, but he found his 12 lbs. penalty too much for him, and was never dangerous. The winner was Sir W. Throckmorton's Annamite, 4 yrs, which had a successful two-year-old career, but was unfortunate last year. Veracity, the third in the Hunt Cup, was now second, and Fulmen third. Attila, the second in the Hunt Cup, won the High-Weight Plate, but Orbit was beaten by Rada in the Thirty-Fifth Biennial. The Hardwicke Stakes produced no such race as the historical contest of last year, and Minting won pretty comfortably from his solitary opponent, Love in Idleness.

There was racing at Four Oaks and Gosforth Parks on Tuesday and Wednesday this week. On the first day, at Gosforth, the most important event was the North Derby for three-year-olds. This fell to Mr. C. Perkins's Belle Mahone, ridden by Fagan and trained by L'Anson, whose stable was twice more successful during the afternoon. Gulbeyaz won the Seventh Gosforth Park Biennial Stakes for Lord Durham. For the Northumberland Plate, next day, there were eleven runners. Of these, Castor and Banter were most in demand, but neither of them could obtain a place, and the race was won by Matin Bell, which also belongs to Mr. C. Perkins, Tommy Littlemouse and Bellatrix being second and third respectively. First Fiddler won the Trial Plate.

Pilleri, Ginestra, and Fabiola were the placed horses in the Prince of Wales's Plate at Four Oaks on Tuesday. Dulcie won the Four Oaks Park Plate and Fairy Ring the Oscott Plate. The Shifnal Plate, next day, fell to Indian Prince, and the Midland Counties' Handicap to Arundel.

CRICKET.—In spite of the continued absence of Mr. S. P. Jones, who, though somewhat better, is by no means out of danger, the Australians continue to do well. Chiefly owing to the good bowling of Turner, who took eleven wickets for 59 runs, they defeated Middlesex by eight wickets, and since then a fairly strong Eleven of England has succumbed by ten wickets. Middlesex also had to knock under to Surrey, for whom Abel made 94. The Surrey "Midget" did even better against Cambridge. He made 160 without a chance, and the Light Blues had to retire beaten by an innings and three runs. They made some amends, however, by defeating Sussex. Notts beat Gloucestershire, and drew with Lancashire; and Yorkshire drew with Leicestershire. —A few curiosities:—A Bournemouth team was dismissed, last week, for one run (a wide)! Playing on Monday, last week, for the Stoicks against St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, Mr. J. S. Haycraft went in first, and made 122 (not out); on Saturday, against Brighton College, he went in first and made 129 (not out)! On Saturday also, Mr. T. R. Hine-Haycock, for Free Foresters, at Woolwich, made 136 (not out); on the same day, his brother, Mr. R. W. Hine-Haycock, playing for Yorkshire Gentlemen, at York, made 121 (not out).

MISCELLANEOUS.—The evergreen Mr. E. G. Meers won the Kent Championship at the Beckenham Lawn Tennis Tournament. —Cambridge easily defeated Oxford at polo.—Playing under Australian rules, the English Football Team were mercilessly thrashed by the Carlton Club at Melbourne, but they have since beaten Bendigo.—F. Wood, of Leicester, and W. Wood, of North Shields, rode a ten miles' bicycle race on Saturday, which the latter just won.



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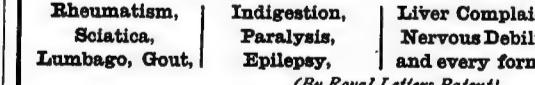
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CHAIRMAN OF EXECUTIVE COUNCIL—
The Hon. Sir JAMES KING, of Campsie, LL.D.
Lord Provost of Glasgow.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
OPENED ON TUESDAY, 8th May, 1888, by their Royal HIGHNESSES the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
The importance of this Great International Exhibition may be realised from the fact that during the first thirty days on which the Exhibition was open, 1,006,211 persons passed the Turnstiles.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
The Building and Grounds extend to Sixty Acres, and are of exceptional beauty and convenience—comprising Kelvin Grove Park, with its Ornamental Flower Pots, Ponds, and Fountains, and the slopes of Gilmore Hill, crowned by the University Buildings.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
EXHIBITION OPENS 12th CLOSES 10 p.m.
HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE GIFTS.

IN THE KELVIN GROVE MUSEUM.
Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to present Jubilee Presents to be placed in the Museum under the care of the Exhibition Executive. This, in all probability, will be the last time these Presents will be publicly exhibited.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
FINE ART SECTION.

Paintings and Sculpture form an important part of the Exhibition; for their accommodation Ten Galleries have been constructed, Fire-proof, and lighted with Electricity. Works by both deceased and living British Artists are included, and Contemporary Continental Art is largely represented.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
MACHINERY IN MOTION.

A prominent feature of the Exhibition is the Vast Machinery Annex.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
EXHIBITION.

Naval Exhibits and Life-Saving Apparatus, Electric and Steam Launches, Gondolas and Gondoliers from Venice. The River Kelvin, which intersects the Grounds, has been made available for this interesting class of Exhibits.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
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The BISHOP'S CASTLE, a reproduction of the Ancient Bishop's Castle of Glasgow, contains a unique collection, illustrating the Archaeology of Scotland, and a general series of Prehistoric, Historical, and Personal Relics—probably the most important Collection of this Class ever brought together.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
British and Continental Military Bands, Patent Shooting Ranges, Open Air Entertainments, Switchback Railways, Summer Ice, Sports and Pastimes, Aquatics, &c.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
SPECIAL FOUNTAIN DISPLAY. 4 to 5 p.m.
ILLUMINATED FAIRY FOUNTAIN EACH EVENING.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
Indian Courts and Galleries, Indian Artisans at Work, Colonial Exhibits, Diamond Cutting and Polishing.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Opinions of English Press. The *Times* says:—“Worthy of the position of Glasgow as the largest city in Scotland, and as the second city of the Empire. The Exhibition is the largest organised within the British dominions since that of London in 1864.”

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The *Telegraph* says:—“The front stretches for half a mile. In size it far surpasses the last Manchester Exhibition. In the quickly pretty Oriental features of domes, minarets, and horseshoe archways, and in brilliant colouring, it outshines that and every previous building in the kind seen in this country. Its towering dome lifts its head 170ft. above the floor, and the grand entrance, which is set to the north of it, is as imposing as the mighty doorway of the Great Caravane Mosque.”

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The *Morning Post* says:—“Looking down upon the grounds and buildings of the Exhibition, the scene which presented itself was one of striking Oriental beauty—minarets, turrets, and gables rising up from the great structure beneath, setting forth the huge dome in its immensity, and pinnacled with gilded minials, which glittered in the sun.”

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The *Daily News* says:—“The opening of the International Exhibition at Glasgow to-day by the Prince and Princess of Wales has been one of those brilliant successes which mark an epoch in the history of a great community.”

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Admission, One Shilling: Thursdays, Half-a-Crown. Special Cheap Excursions (including Admission) from all parts of the Kingdom. See Railway Time Bills.

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By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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IN FAIR LOCHABER.

The Life of THE LATE FREDERICK III.

WRITTEN BY W. BEATTY-KINGSTON



THE LATE EMPEROR'S LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND
A SKETCH AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THE OCCASION OF HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE

THE LATE FREDERICK III.

German Emperor, King of Prussia

BORN OCTOBER 18, 1831

DIED JUNE 15, 1888

FREDERICK WILLIAM NICHOLAS CHARLES, the first-born child and only son of Frederick William Lewis of Hohenzollern (second son of King Frederick William III. and Queen Louise), and of Maria Louisa Augusta Catherine of Saxe-Weimar, was born on October 18—the Leipzig anniversary—1831. The circumstance that he came into the world on that memorable day, identified in every German heart with the greatest achievement of the War of Emancipation, and with the first serious European reverse inflicted upon the mightiest of the Fatherland's foreign oppressors, was regarded as of happy augury throughout Prussia; and the popular instinct in this regard was splendidly justified, in after years, by "Our Fritz's" decisive victories over Germany's Austrian and French foes in 1866 and 1870-1. At the time of Frederick William's birth, his father was not the immediate heir to the Prussian throne. Prince William's elder brother, the Crown Prince of Prussia (afterwards King, under the title of Frederick William IV.), was in vigorous health, and the husband of a singularly beautiful woman; but there was no prospect of any issue to his marriage, and, indeed, the union of Prince William to Princess Augusta had been determined by reasons of State rather than by any wish on his part to change his condition. The birth of Frederick William, therefore, afforded the Prussian Royal Family and people an additional ground of rejoicing, in that it assured the succession.

On November 13, 1831, the little Prince—a remarkably strong and handsome infant—was christened in the so-called "New Palace," by Bishop Eylert, his sponsors being his grandfather, Frederick

five months later the Royal lad was present at laying the foundation-stone of Rauch's superb monument to Frederick the Great, situate at the eastern end of the Linden Avenue, exactly opposite the palace inhabited by the first German Emperor. A week later his grandfather, Frederick William III., died, and was succeeded on the Prussian throne by little Fritz's uncle, Prince William, as Heir Presumptive, taking the title of "Prince of Prussia."

During the summer of 1841 Fritz made his first walking tour in the picturesque region of Brandenburg known as the "Maerkische Schweiz," or Markish Switzerland. On the tenth anniversary of his birthday, in conformity with a custom that had prevailed in the House of Hohenzollern ever since Frederic I., Carlyle's "magnificent Herr" exchanged his Elector's Hat for a Kingly Crown, the boy received his first Commission in the Prussian Army, and joined the "Body Company" (of which the reigning King of Prussia is always the captain, *virtute offici*) of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, making due verbal report of his appointment to all his superior officers, as well as to the sergeant-major of the company. His captain and uncle, Frederick William IV., presented him in person to the regimental officers' corps, saying as he did so, "Thou art as yet but a little fellow, Fritz; nevertheless, make thyself acquainted with these gentlemen, in order that, one of these days, thou mayest be able to overlook them, just as they are now able to overlook thee."

On the same day the King conferred upon his nephew the Order of the Black Eagle, the first of Prussian honorific distinctions, ranking with the Garter of England, the Golden Fleece of Austria,

victorious troops—silently obedient to their orders when bespattered by obloquy, steadfastly maintaining discipline and order under the most difficult circumstances; he has seen an army immovably faithful to its duty. And he will soon have occasion to see all this again; for, gentlemen, a grave crisis is before us, and if we surmount it successfully, it will once more be the army that will save the country, as, in conjunction with the right-minded portion of the people, it has already done. Therefore I hand this boy over to you in the hope that he will learn obedience. That he will do honour to his army is guaranteed to me by the soul that God—not we!—has granted to him." Turning to his son, the Prince continued, "That being so, I wish that the same experience may be vouchsafed to thee as has already been vouchsafed to thy father. Now go, and do thy duty." In these remarks the Prince of Prussia alluded to the 1848 encounters between the Guards and the Berlin mob at the commencement of the Revolution, which had driven him from his native country to temporary exile in a foreign land.

Two months later "Fritz" got his first step of promotion, and during the Autumn Manoeuvres was entrusted with the command of a company of Infantry. In the course of the mimic operations he contrived to capture and bring in an outpost of the field-force opposed to that to which his regiment was attached. His coming of age was celebrated at Babelsberg on his eighteenth birthday (October 18th, 1849), on which occasion the Municipality of Berlin presented him with a flattering address. His reply was brief and to the point; "If ever he came to wield the sceptre, he would be a



THE STUDY IN THE NEW PALACE, POTSDAM
Used by the late Emperor when Crown Prince

William III., his uncles, the Crown Prince and Prince Charles of Prussia, and Czar Nicholas of Russia, his grand-uncles, Prince Augustus of Prussia (the last surviving nephew of Frederick the Great) and Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; his step-grandmother, Princess Liegnitz; and his aunts the Crown Princess and Princess Charles of Prussia. His early childhood was a happy and joyous one, chiefly owing to the perfect sweetness of his temper, which endeared him to all those entrusted with his care and primary education. When he was five years old, his training in drill and elementary military exercises commenced; and he made such rapid progress in this branch of his boyish studies, that on March 22, 1839 (his father's forty-second birthday), seven months before the completion of his eighth year, he was able to present himself to Prince William in the character of a thoroughly-trained army recruit. In the full uniform of a private of the Prussian Guard, he approached his father, halted at the prescribed distance, saluted, and made his verbal *rappo*rt du jour in the following terms:—"Report from the Potsdam Guardhouse. Nothing new concerning guard or sentries. Strength of the guard, one non-commissioned officer, one musician, eighteen grenadiers." The tiny Guardsman delivered this announcement in a firm voice and with perfect self-possession, to the intense delight of his gallant father, the strictest of disciplinarians, and even then—nearly half-a-century ago—renowned throughout Europe as the first soldier of Germany.

Colonel von Unruh was appointed Governor of Prince Frederick William of Prussia on January 1 of the following year (1840), and

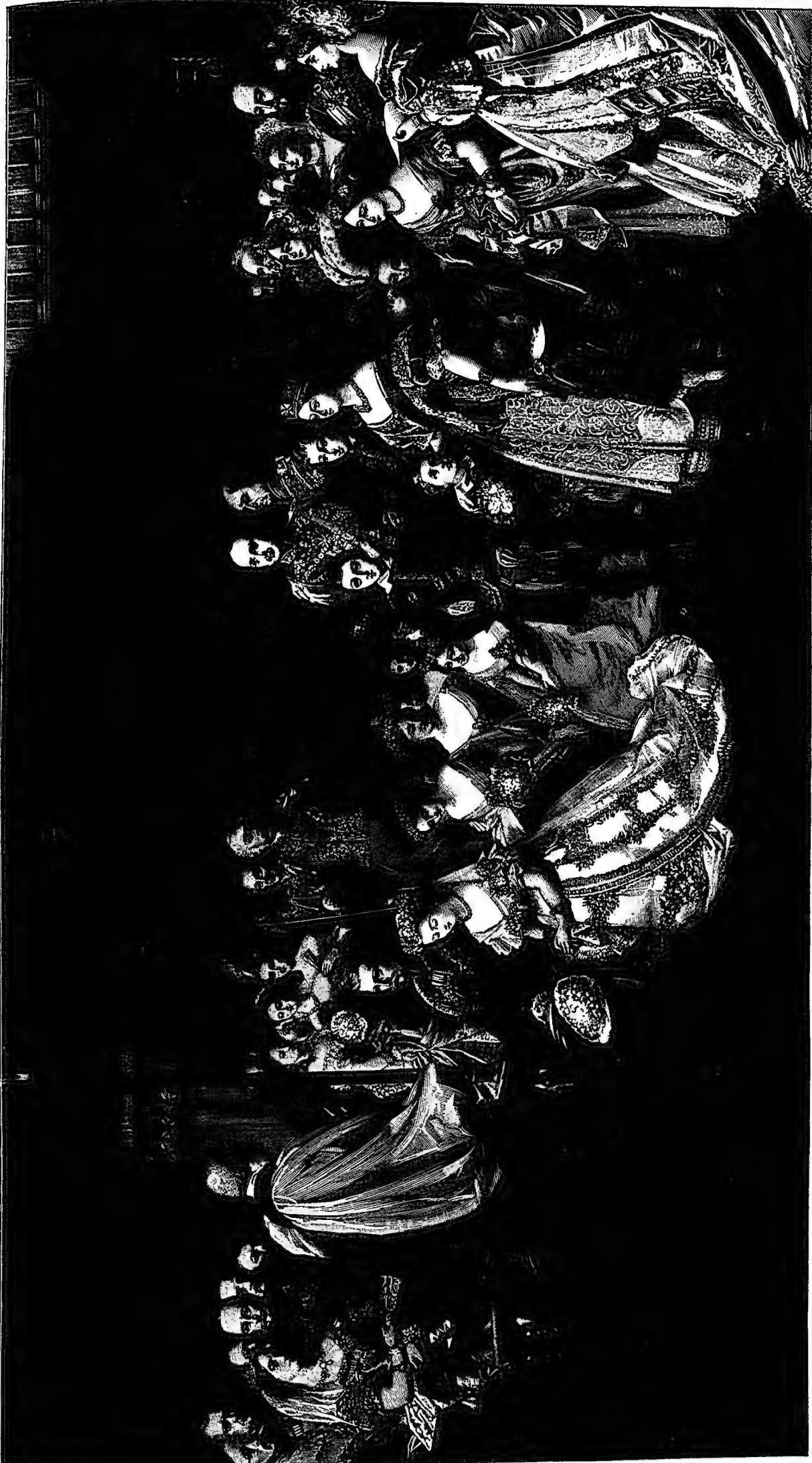
and the Annunziata of Savoy, all of which were destined to adorn the breast of Frederick William at a later period of his magnificent military career.

During the ensuing four years (1842-5) the young Prince pursued his studies assiduously, doing duty with his company of the Guards for a certain number of weeks in each successive twelvemonth, and spending his holidays in Saxony, Westphalia, and the Hanseatic Towns. In February, 1846, being then in his fifteenth year, he was present for the first time at a Court festivity given by his uncle on a grand scale in the Royal Castle of Berlin. On September 29th, 1848, he made public profession of the Evangelical faith in the chapel of Schloss Charlottenburg, was confirmed by the principal Court Chaplain, Dr. Ehrenberg, and read aloud to the Royal Family, high officials of the Household, and chief dignitaries of the State an essay of his own composition setting forth his personal thoughts with respect to the sacred truths of the Christian religion.

Early in the following May the Prince of Prussia formally presented his son to the Potsdam corps d'officers with the following remarkable words:—

"Gentlemen,—I cannot deny myself the pleasure of personally introducing my son to you as a recruit. You can readily imagine with what feelings I do so. I recommend him to your comradeship. He has grown up towards practical life in troublous times. Last year, for the first time, he witnessed a battle, in which his own regiment was engaged, and which, though it resulted in victory, was fought against a dishonourable enemy. He has seen troops—

King faithful to his people." Shortly afterwards his solemn investiture as a Knight of the Black Eagle took place, the King in person placing the velvet mantle and golden collar of the Order upon his shoulders and round his neck. Early in the following month he matriculated at the University of Bonn, where the greater part of his time was spent in studying during the ensuing three years (1850-2). It was in April, 1851, that His Royal Highness paid his first visit to this country, and made the acquaintance of his future wife, then a bright, high-spirited, impetuous little girl of between ten and eleven. The Prince stayed exactly a month in England, during which time he and his august parents were present at the opening of the Great Exhibition. Shortly after his return to Berlin his uncle, Czar Nicholas, conferred upon him the Colonely of the (Russian) 11th Hussars, heretofore known as the "Isum" Regiment, but which has thenceforth borne the name of its princely commander. He was also gazetted to the rank of Captain in the Prussian Army, "in token of His Majesty's especial satisfaction with the Prince's services." During the following summer he visited St. Petersburg, and in September, 1853, having been appointed to a Majority in his old regiment, the 1st Foot Guards, accompanied his father to Olmütz and Vienna, where the Prince of Prussia, then Inspector-General of the Federal Army, reviewed the Austrian contingent of that force. Whilst "Fritz" was the guest of the Austrian Emperor, the latter appointed him Colonel of the 20th Infantry, one of the oldest and most distinguished regiments in the Imperial Army. Two months later he was initiated into the



WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, JANUARY 25, 1858

mysteries of Freemasonry, under his father's auspices; and in December, 1853, travelled to Rome, where he remained until the following April, having in the meanwhile been frequently received with great cordiality by Pius IX.

In September, 1854, he was transferred from the Infantry to the Cavalry, and took command of a squadron of the 1st Dragoon Guards. Colonel von Griesheim, his new commander, wrote of him at the time :—"Prince Frederick William, at the age of three-and-twenty, is a young gentleman of extraordinarily prepossessing demeanour." Throughout the winter of 1854-5 he regularly attended the War-School, and served assiduously on a Committee nominated to test the capacities of the Minie rifle. At the conclusion of the Autumn Maneuvres in the latter year his criticisms of the field-operations revealed such advanced military knowledge and sound judgment that his uncle, the King, promoted him to the rank of Colonel in the presence of the assembled officers of the Guard-Corps. Colonel von Moltke was appointed the Prince's chief aide-de-camp, and accompanied him to England, where, on September 20th, 1855, His Royal Highness requested permission of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to pay his addresses to their eldest daughter, the Princess Royal. That evening the Prince Consort wrote to his trusted friend, Baron von Stockmar :—

"After breakfast

the young man preferred his request to us, with the leave of his parents and his Sovereign. On our own part we accepted him, but begged him to suspend his proposal, as far as our daughter was concerned, until after her confirmation, wishing that her unconstraint and childlessness should till then remain undisturbed.

Next spring the young man wishes to propose to her in person, and in visit us, perhaps, with his Parents and affianced sister. ••• He pleases me very well. Great straightforwardness, frankness, and integrity are his specially salient characteristics. He seems free from prejudice, and well-meaning in the highest degree ; he expresses himself as strongly attached to Vicky, I deem it probable that she will raise no objection to his suit." A few days later Prince Albert wrote again :—"Victoria (the Queen) is tremendously excited, but all goes smoothly and prudently. The Prince is deeply in love, and the little one exerts herself to please." On September 29th the Queen made the following entry in her diary :—"To-day our beloved Victoria engaged herself to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. He had already, on the 20th, spoken to us on the subject, but on account of her extreme youth we were doubtful whether he should address her at once or wait until his return hither. . . . As we were riding up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon he gathered a spray of white heather (emblematic of happiness), gave it to her hand, and, on the road homeward, down Glen Girnoch, alluded to it in connection with his hopes and wishes, which at once found happy fulfilment."

The correspondence which ensued between the Prince Consort and his future son-in-law after the latter's return to Berlin was of an extremely interesting character, as the following extract from a letter, written by Prince Albert on November 6th, 1855, will show :—

"In your letter to Victoria, which she received yesterday you speak of the new work you have been doing in the different Ministries. After you shall have been employed in them for some time, you

will recognise the truth of Axel Orenstern's saying, 'My son, it will surprise you to learn with how little wisdom the world is governed.' I am afraid that no one will find it in his interest to enlighten you as to the principles which are really of importance, but that, on the contrary, people will expressly endeavour to crush you under a mass of details and a weight of so-called work. There will, of course, be an advantage in your becoming thoroughly acquainted with the routine of business. Most German bureaucrats are unable to see the forest for the trees ; they regard even the idea of the individual tree as something dangerous, and appraise the value of the forest by the closeness with which the trees are packed together, not by the vigour of their growth. Moreover, the burden of accumulated German official documents is something appalling. . . . Vicky is very industrious ; she has studied hard, and learnt a great deal. She now comes to me every evening from six to seven, and I go through a sort of general catechism with her. I let her work out her tasks without any extraneous help, and she brings them to me for correction. Just now she is writing a short abstract of Roman history."

In May, 1856, Prince Frederick William paid his *fiancée* another visit, and during his brief stay in England received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. His military connection with Count von Blumenthal, which lasted to the end of his life, commenced in the summer of that year. A little later on he attended the ceremony of Czar Alexander II.'s coronation at Moscow, the new Russian Emperor being his first cousin. After the festivities he hurried back to Berlin to be present at the wedding of

his only sister, Princess Louise of Prussia, who was married to the Grand Duke of Baden on September 20th, 1856. The Prince was so hardly pressed for time that he travelled throughout five consecutive days and six nights without once changing his clothes—a journey so fatiguing that even the untiring Moltke, who accompanied him, grumbled at its severity. Early in November he returned to England, and spent nearly a month with the Queen at Windsor, calling at the Tuilleries on his homeward way to Berlin. His reception by the Emperor and Empress of France was an exceptionally cordial one. Napoleon III., at the close of the Prince's visit to his Court, wrote to Queen Victoria : "We liked the Prince very much, and I do not doubt that he will make the Princess Royal happy, for he seems to me to possess every quality befitting his age and rank. We have taken pains to make his stay in Paris as pleasant as possible ; but it struck me that his thoughts were all the time in Osborne or Windsor." The following passage is extracted from a letter written by the Empress Eugenie to Countess Walewska : "The Prince is a big, handsome man, nearly a head taller than the Emperor ; slender, fair, with a straw-coloured moustache ; a German such as Tacitus has described, of chivalric politeness, with something of Hamlet about him. His companion, a General Moltke, is a gentleman char of words, but nothing less than a dreamer—always highly-wrought, and keenly on the look-out. He astounds us by his brilliant remarks, invariably to the point. . . . These Germans are an imposing race ; Louis calls them the race of the future. Bah ! nous n'en sommes pas encore là !"

On May 16th, 1857, the betrothal of Prince Frederick William of



THE CROWN PRINCE IN THE HOLY LAND—HIS RECEPTION AT JERUSALEM, 1869

blessing upon the union of Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia.

Prussia to the Princess Royal of England was officially announced in the Berlin *Staatsanzeiger*, and the Prince paid two visits to his future wife in the course of that year, receiving the Freedom of the City of London at Guildhall on July 13th, and spending the Princess's birthday with her at Buckingham Palace on November 21st. Exactly two months later he left Berlin for London, accompanied by his father and mother, Princes Frederick Charles, Albrecht senior and junior, and Adalbert. On the way the Royal party was joined by the King of the Belgians and the Duke of Coburg. The wedding took place with all imaginable splendour of ceremonial and accessories at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on January 25, 1858. After the Archbishop of Canterbury had addressed a brief exhortation to the bridal pair, standing before the altar, and, in response to the prescribed question, "Who giveth this woman to be married unto this man?" the Prince Consort led his daughter forward, the betrothed joined hands, and the bridegroom, in a clear, sonorous voice, pronounced the sacramental words.—"I Frederick William Nicholas Charles, take thee, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forth, in joy and in sorrow, in wealth and in poverty, in health and in sickness, to love and to cherish till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto do I plight my troth." The Princess, having repeated this formula, the ring was placed upon her finger, and the Primate of England pronounced his

rapid succession during the following two or three years. In June, 1860, the Prince Regent nominated him "Chief" of the First Regiment of Infantry, the senior corps of the Prussian Army. A month later, just before the birth of his eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte, he was gazetted as Lieutenant-General. Immediately after his father's accession to the throne, in January, 1861, the new King appointed his son—become Crown Prince of Prussia—Statthalter of the Province of Pomerania, a post which he continued to occupy until the day of his father's death.

On Coronation Day (October 18, 1861), his own natal anniversary, the Crown Prince accepted the dignified office of Rector Magnificus of Königsberg University. He visited England during the following spring, when, by the Queen's special request, he, in conjunction with the Duke of Cambridge, represented Her Majesty at the opening ceremony of the Universal Exhibition held in London, and was present at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy. In reply to Sir Charles Eastlake, then the President, His Royal Highness observed, *inter alia*, that the Princess Royal was amongst the leading representatives of British Art in his native country, adding:—"I thank you for the kindness with which you have received me, and hope that this occasion will create a new bond between us, strengthening the sympathies I have ever felt for this great country; may more, that the profound sympathy for the English people which stirs my heart will prevail and increase ever

hereafter in Prussia, and throughout the great German Fatherland."

In September, 1862, a new era for Prussia was inaugurated by the appointment of Otto von Bismarck as Minister-President, in which capacity he was officially received by the Crown Prince some six weeks after the birth of Prince Henry. His Royal Highness's second son, now a Captain in the German Navy. With the new Prime Minister, whose arbitrary method of dealing with the Chambers he strongly disapproved of, the Crown Prince soon came into collision. A Royal decree, issued by Herr Von Bismarck's advice, and striking a death-blow at the liberties of the Press, brought about a painful estrangement between the Heir-Apparent and his august father, which at one time threatened to lead to serious consequences. "Fritz" was steadfastly opposed to any infringement of the Constitution, to maintain which the King had pledged himself on his accession; and the Crown Princess shared her husband's political principles and views.

Enactments recommended by Bismarck, the Crown Prince (May 31st, 1863) wrote to his father:—"Expressions of which you lately made use in my presence concerning the possibility of forcing your measures upon the country compel me to speak out upon this subject. When you dismissed the Auerswald Cabinet,

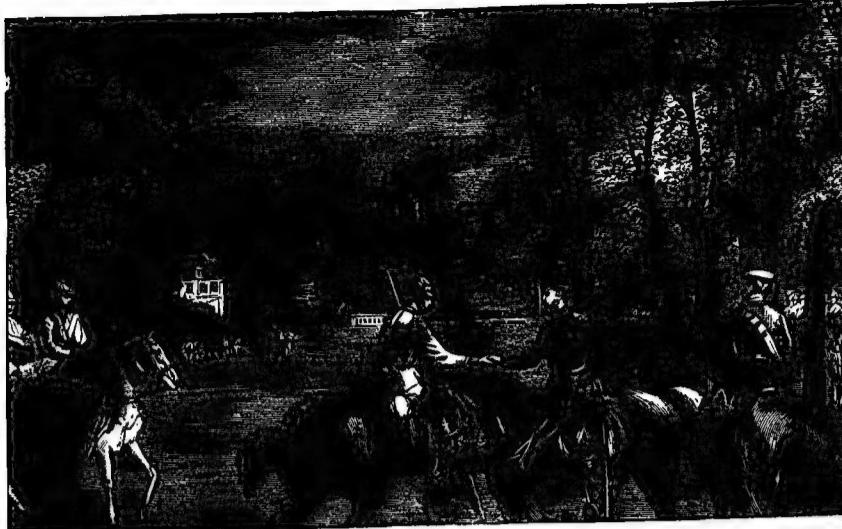
you told me that I, being more Liberal than you, had then an opportunity of playing the usual part of a Crown



THE LATE EMPEROR WHEN CROWN PRINCE
Drawn from Life by the late George H. Thomas, at the time of the Crown Prince's Wedding



THE BOUDOIR IN THE NEW PALACE, POTSDAM
Used by the Empress when Crown Princess



AN INCIDENT DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK DISTRIBUTING THE IRON CROSS AT VERSAILLES, NOVEMBER, 1870

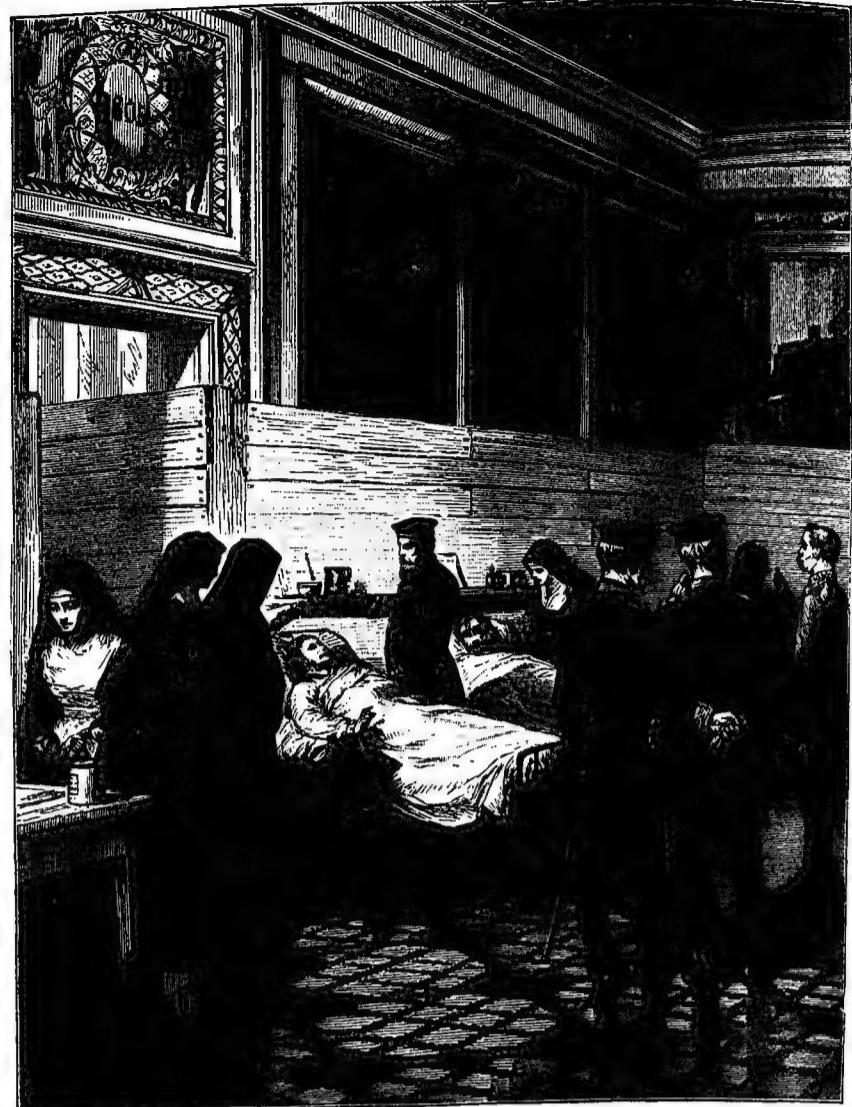
Prince, by throwing difficulties in the way of your new Government. I then promised you to keep in the background, to hold my tongue, and to offer no opposition. I intend to keep my word; but I feel that it is my duty to address you privately. My dearest father, I implore you not to infringe the laws in the manner which you have hinted at. Nobody knows better than I do that you regard an oath as a thing sacred, and not to be trifled with. The position of a Sovereign towards his Ministers is, however sometimes a very difficult one. Skilled as they are in the lawyer's craft, and expert at interpretation, they are well able to represent a measure as just and necessary, and by degrees to force a Monarch into a path altogether different from that which he had intended to tread."

William I. answered this letter in an angry tone; upon which (June 3) the Crown Prince lodged a formal protest against the decree above alluded to, addressing his letter to Herr von Bismarck, whom he requested to communicate it to the Cabinet. It concluded with the following remarkable words:—"I deem the proceedings of the Ministry illegal and injurious, both to the State and dynasty. I declare that the measure in question has been taken without my concurrence or knowledge; and I protest against any inferences and assumptions that may possibly be based upon my relations to the Council of State." Next day, he again wrote to the King, pointing out that, by the promulgation of the Press decree, the Charter of the Constitution had been infringed and abrogated. This letter, and a public utterance of His Royal Highness at Danzig, contemporaneous with it, gave serious offence to King William, who threatened to deprive him of his military command. The Crown Prince's reply was respectful but resolute. It ran as follows:—

"The address delivered by me at Danzig was the outcome of calm reflection. For a long time I had owed it to my conscience and to my position to profess, before the whole world, an opinion the correctness of which has forced itself upon my conviction more and more from day to day. It was only the hope that, after all, I might be able to avoid placing myself in opposition to you, which for a time stifled the warnings of my inward voice. Now, however, the Cabinet, utterly ignoring my views, has taken a step that endangers my future, and that of my children. For that future, I

shall make as courageous a stand as you, my dear father, are making for your own. I cannot retract a word that I have said. All that I can do is to keep quiet. Should it be your wish, I hereby lay at your feet my commission in the army and my seat in the Council of State, begging you to appoint a place of residence for me, or to permit me to select one for myself, either in Prussia or abroad. If I cannot be allowed to speak my mind, I must naturally wish to sever myself entirely from the sphere of politics." The effect of this high-spirited declaration upon the King and Prussian Court was a very distressing and alarming one; but no hasty action was taken, nor did the Crown Prince make any open effort to defeat the projects entertained by his father and Bismarck. It soon became evident that an "execution" would be levied in the Elbe Duchies by the combined forces of Prussia and Austria; father and son became reconciled towards the close of the year; and in the fourth week of 1864 the command of the Second Division of Guards was conferred upon His Royal Highness, who joined the Headquarters of Field Marshal von Wrangel, Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian force told off to invade Schleswig, on the last day of January.

The next morning Prussian troops crossed the Eider, and advanced into the enemy's country. "Fritz" came under fire for the first time on February 23rd, 1864, when, side by side with his heroic cousin, Frederick Charles, he took part in an important engagement at Düppel, and received, on the field of battle, the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle with the Crossed Swords—a distinction only bestowed for active military service. He was subsequently present at the



THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK VISITING THE WOUNDED IN THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, 1870

storming of the Düppel entrenchments on April 18th, which brilliant feat of arms he witnessed from a Prussian battery engaged in the action. Upon that occasion the Emperor Francis Joseph conferred upon His Royal Highness the Cross of Maria Theresa "For Valour." At the close of the campaign he returned to Berlin with the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was appointed to the command of the Second Army Corps, recruited in the province (Pomerania) of which he was already Lord-Lieutenant. Shortly afterwards his third son was born—Prince Sigismund, who died in June, 1866, during his father's absence from home with the Army, then preparing to invade Austria. In December the King further



THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK AT WÖRTH, DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, AUGUST 6, 1870



THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK VISITING THE WOUNDED DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, SEPTEMBER, 1870



"AVE, CÆSAR, IMPERATOR"—THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK EMBRACING HIS FATHER ON THE PROCLAMATION OF THE LATTER AS GERMAN EMPEROR AT VERSAILLES, JANUARY 18, 1871

honoured his son, by making him "proprietor" of the 53rd Foot, a celebrated Westphalian Regiment. Princess Victoria, the Crown Prince's second daughter, was born on the 12th of April, 1866. Exactly a month after this happy event, His Royal Highness was nominated Commander of the Second Army, formed in Silesia, with a view to undertaking active operations against Austria: his old friend and adviser, Von Blumenthal, became his chief of the Staff, and Von Stosch, afterwards German Minister of Marine, his Quartermaster-General. From his head-quarters at Neisse he issued the following stirring address to his troops.

" Soldiers of the Second Army! You have heard the words of our King and Commander. His Majesty's efforts to preserve peace to his country have proved unavailing. With a heavy heart, but strong in his trust in the devotion and valour of his Army, the King has resolved to fight for the honour and independence of Prussia, as well as for the mighty re-organisation of Germany. Placed at your head by the graciousness and confidence of my Royal Father, I am proud, as the first servant of our King, to stake with you my fortune and my blood for the sacred cause of our Fatherland. Soldiers! For the first time for more than fifty years past, our Army is opposed to an enemy equal to it in numbers and quality. Trust to your strength, and to our weapons of approved excellence, and remember that we have to fight the same foe whom, in former days, our greatest King vanquished with a small army. And now, forward! with the old Prussian watchword; 'With God for King and Fatherland!'"

On June 27th, 1866, the army under His Royal Highness's command fought two severe but brilliantly successful actions at Nachod and Trautenau against the forces with which Field-Marshal Count Gabeln had been charged to defend the Bohemian frontier. It was still more fiercely engaged on the following day at Skalitz, where it defeated the strongly-posted Corps commanded by the Archduke Leopold; and on the 29th won a fourth victory at Königgrätz. Four days later the Second Army, by its timely appearance upon the field of Königgrätz, and magnificent attack upon Chlum, the key of Benedek's position, won at once the battle and the campaign. The First and Third Armies (Frederick Charles and Herwarth von Bitzenfeld) had been in action for nearly five hours when the Crown Prince came up, had suffered heavy losses, called up their reserves, and made no decisive impression upon the Austrians. The Red Prince, indeed, who commanded the centre of the huge Prussian host, was actually "in check," when—a few minutes before 2 P.M.—the heads of columns of the vanguard of the Second Army—the Guards, Brandenburgers, Silesians, and Poles—debouched from the mountain-roads to the left of Frederick Charles, took the Austrians in flank, stormed the heights of Chlum and then those of Lipa, whereby they established themselves in the rear of Benedek's right and centre, and, pressing forward without stay or stint, were soon driving the whole Austrian army before them down to the Elbe, in which, during the panic that ensued, many hundreds of gallant "Kaiserlichs" were miserably drowned.

A touching incident, in which the Crown Prince was concerned, occurred shortly after the close of that tremendous struggle. A few days previously, on receiving the news of his son's brilliant victory at Skalitz, King William had despatched one of his *aides-de-camp* to the Crown Prince's head-quarters, carrying to His Royal Highness the Order *'Pour le Mérite'*, as a reward for his splendid service. The Crown Prince's advance was so rapid, however, that the *aide-de-camp* could not come up with him until July 3rd, the very day upon which Sadowa was fought. At about 6 P.M. father and son met on the battle-field, near Streslitz, and the meeting has been described by both of them, as the following extracts from the Crown Prince's diary, and from a letter written by William I. to his consort will show:—

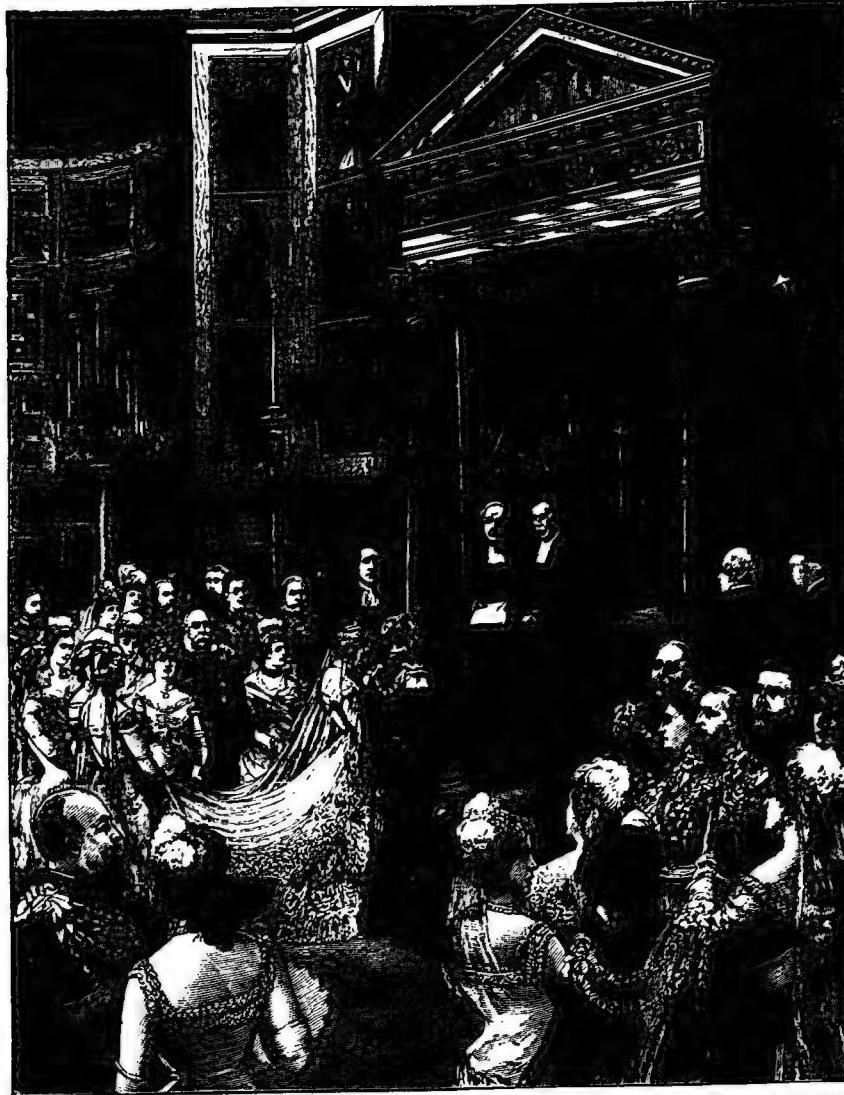
"3rd July, 1866.—At last, after much searching and inquiring, we found the King; I reported to him the presence of my army in the field of action, and kissed his hand, whereupon he embraced me. For some time neither of us could speak. Presently he was the first to find words, and then told me that he was rejoiced to learn that I had hitherto achieved good successes, and had shown capacity for command; that he had, as his telegram had doubtless apprised me, conferred upon me the Order *'Pour le Mérite'* for my previous victories. I had not received the telegram in question; so my father and King handed to me our highest military Service Order on the very field of battle on which I had aided in gaining the victory. I was deeply moved, and those around us also appeared much affected." The King wrote:—"At last I came upon 'Fritz' with his staff. What a moment, after all that we had gone through, and upon the evening of such a day! I gave him the Order, *'Pour le Mérite'*, with my own hands; and the tears ran down his cheeks, for he had never received my telegram announcing the conferment. It was, therefore, an absolute surprise to him."

On the day (September 20, 1866) of the triumphal entry of "Fritz's" heroic troops into Berlin, the King addressed the following letter to his victorious son:—

"At the outbreak of the war, now gloriously ended, I gave thee the greatest proof of Royal and paternal trust by placing thee in command of an army. Thou hast justified this confidence in a high



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS, FEBRUARY 28, 1883—PRINCESS WILLIAM, AS THE QUEEN OF LOVE, PRESENTING A WREATH TO THE CROWN PRINCESS



WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM (NOW EMPEROR) AND THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA (NOW EMPRESS) IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL CASTLE, BERLIN, FEBRUARY 27, 1881

degree by gaining victory upon victory at the head of the Second Army, which, by its endurance, devotion, and bravery, has won for itself one of the most splendid records in Prussian military history. An honourable peace is now preparing for Prussia and Germany, a future which thou, with God's gracious assistance, wilt be called upon one of these days to develop. In recognition of thy superb conduct in command, and following the example of my deceased father in 1815, I have devised a special distinction for thee and for Prince Frederick-Charles, consisting in a golden Star, enclosing the portrait of our illustrious ancestor, Frederick the Great, and surrounded by the motto, 'Pour le Mérite,' with the Cross appertaining thereto (to be worn round the neck), which I send to thee herewith. The army led by thee will find in this decoration, now conferred upon thee, a fresh acknowledgment of its deeds, which highly deserve the gratitude of its King and country. Thy thankful King and Father, WILHELM."

Whilst he was absent from home with his army, the Crown Prince lost his third son, Prince Sigismund. In reply to the Address of Condolence offered to him by the Berlin Municipality on his return from the campaign, he said:—"It was a painful trial to

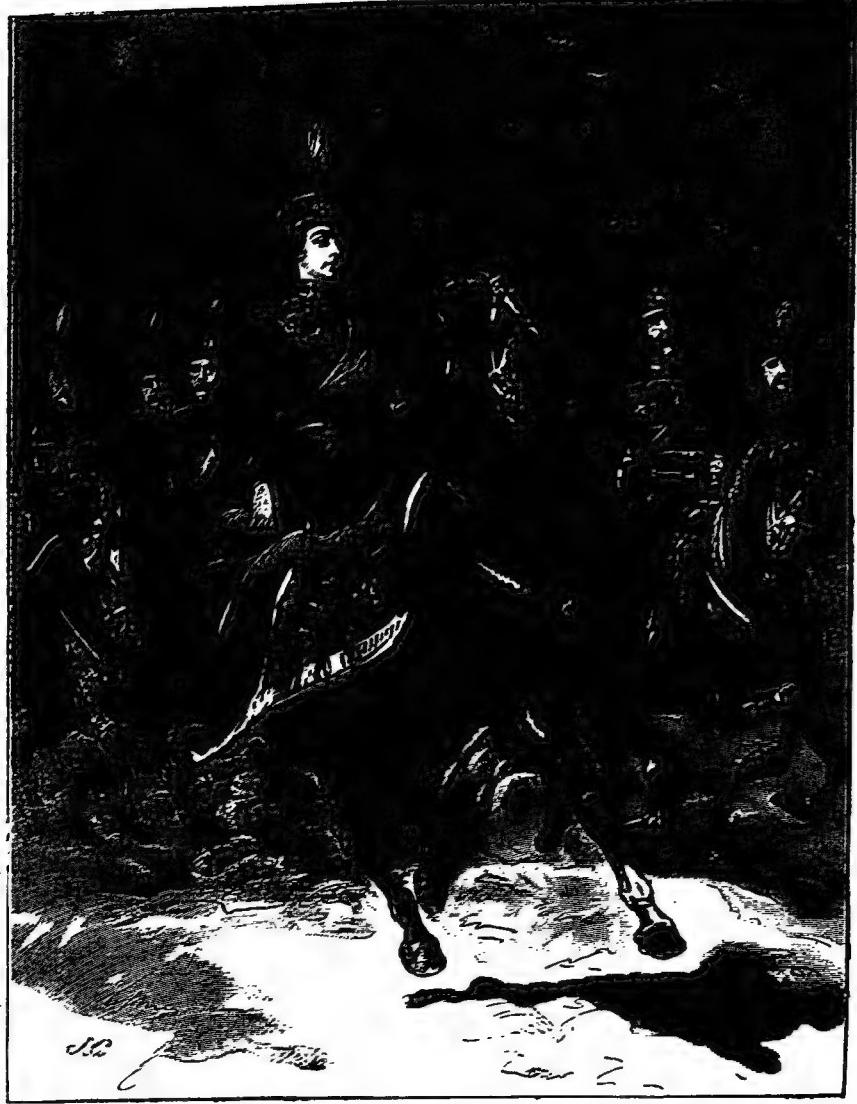
me to be severed from my wife and dying child, and not to be able to close the eyes of my dead son. Hard as it seemed at the time, however, to be far away from my home and family, I now look back to it with satisfaction; for it was a sacrifice that I offered up to the Fatherland."

In November, 1866, the Crown Prince was present at the wedding of his cousin, the Czarevich (now Alexander III. of Russia), and the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. During the following summer, accompanied by his consort, he visited the Paris Exhibition, and inspected the newly-formed Army-Corps in the provinces annexed by Prussia in virtue of the Treaty of Nikolsburg. His fourth son, Prince Waldemar, was born on February, 10th, 1868, and shortly afterwards he paid a visit to Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, being received by the Italian people with indescribable enthusiasm in Turin, where he witnessed the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's heroic son to the fair and gentle Marguerite of Savoy; in Genoa, and in Florence, whither he accompanied the newly-married pair. In the autumn of 1868 the Crown Prince and Princess paid a visit to England, and were the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle. Twelve months

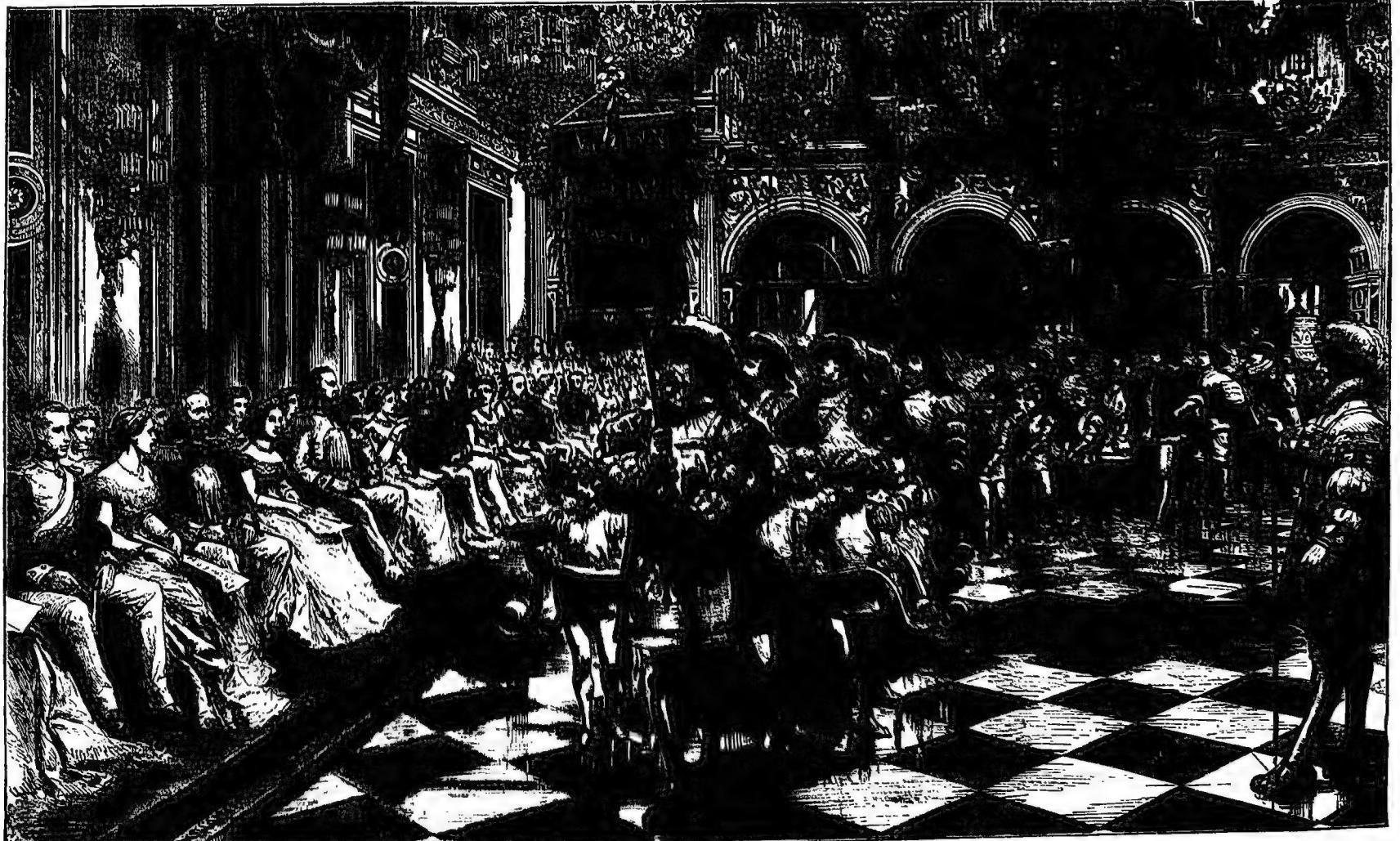
later he started for a long tour in the East with Prince Louis of Hesse, in the course of which he visited Athens, Constantinople, Rhodes, Jerusalem, and the Lebanon, returning by way of Egypt, in order to witness the opening of the Suez Canal. Whilst in Egypt, he ascended the Nile to the Third Cataract, and laid the foundation-stone of an Evangelical Church in Cairo.

Immediately after the French Declaration of War had reached Berlin, in the third week of July, 1870, King William appointed his son Commander-in-Chief of the armies placed at his disposal by the Sovereigns of Southern Germany for the defence of the Fatherland against its hereditary foe. From July 26th to August 3rd his head-quarters were at Speyer, and during the interval he issued a stirring address to the soldiers of the Third Army, by which name his command was known throughout the campaign. It may here be observed that the Crown Prince's popularity throughout the realms with which Prussia had been at odds in 1866 was already very considerable in 1870, and was enormously enhanced by his military relations with the Bavarian Würtemberg and Hessian Corps acting under his immediate orders during the first six or seven weeks of the campaign. Subsequently, the two Bavarian

(Concluded on page 6th)



THE CROWN PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE HEAD OF HER OWN (THE SECOND) REGIMENT OF HUSSARS (LEIBHUSAREN)



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS, FEBRUARY 28, 1883—THE ARTISTS' PROCESSION PASSING BEFORE THE ROYAL PARTY IN THE CASTLE, BERLIN



DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

He came, indeed, to the modest feast at the Court, but not till after the happy couple had been whisked away by their four posters over the snow.

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,
AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

"ENGAGED"

IT was characteristic of Clara Thorne that, having won the prize which, if it could not be said she had "set her heart" on, she had certainly striven with all her power to win, she was in no hurry to proclaim the fact. She walked quickly home—alone—from the scene of her victory, and sat down to table (where she made an excellent dinner) without exciting the least suspicion in any member of her family that anything extraordinary had occurred to her. Lucy, indeed, was pleased to see her so serene, a proof, as she imagined, that her sister had "got over" what had so deeply moved her a few hours ago; her own feeling on the whole was one of satisfaction that, by whatever means, Clara had been balked of her intent to be the bride of Hugh Trevor, a design in which she had foreseen nothing but misery.

Conversation proceeded as usual till the waiting maid had finished her duties and left the room, when Clara quietly observed, "I have a bit of news to tell you, dear father and mother, though it will not be altogether news to Lucy; Hugh Trevor has asked me to marry him, and I have accepted him." She spoke without excitement or emotion of any kind, much as if she were reading aloud some public notice on a wall; but the effect upon her hearers, though in different degrees, was considerable. The Rector put down the walnut he was about to crack, and gazed at his eldest born with tender solicitude.

"My dearest Clara, you surprise me very much; I hope you have considered this matter, which is the most momentous affair of your life, very carefully."

"Yes, papa; I have looked at it, so far as such a thing can be seen from the outside, in all its bearings; and upon the whole—without pretending to be enraptured by the prospect it presents—I think I am to be congratulated."

"Then, indeed, my dear," said the Rector rising, and kissing her forehead, "I congratulate you with all my heart."

His manner was kind, but not effusive; he had the gravest doubts of the wisdom of her choice, but he knew that to dissuade Clara from what she had once made up her mind to do was an impossibility.

Mrs. Thorne, on the other hand, amazed at the good fortune that had befallen her daughter, as well as at the skill and perseverance with which it had been secured, forgot for the moment, in her maternal pride, her former misgivings; they were less serious than those entertained by her husband, because she better understood the girl's wondrous strength of character, and knew that she had not those needs for love and sympathy which belonged to others of her

sex and age; her first instinct was to doubt the genuineness of her daughter's news rather than to question its nature.

"But has this arrangement between you two young people," she inquired, "received the approbation of Lady Trevor?"

It was not because Sir Richard was ill that she made no reference to him, but because, like every one else, Mrs. Thorne understood that in domestic matters he was not, indeed, a cypher, but a Gallio; that he left everything of that nature in his wife's hands.

"Most certainly it has," was Clara's quiet rejoinder; "she has been so good as to say that, but for my want of fortune, she would have always regarded her son's affection for me with favour; and since his happiness seems to be bound up in me, she has consented (I must say very graciously and completely) no longer to consider my poverty as an obstacle."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorne, embracing her tenderly; a simple ejaculation, but which, from a mother's lips, comprehends so much. Lucy alone said nothing; her sister's observation that her news would be no news to her robbed her silence of its significance in the eyes of her parents, but in fact she was dumb with amazement. What had become of Clara's recent indignation against Lady Trevor? Of that invitation to Miss Munchance, with its manifest object, to the Court? By what marvellous means had her sister made an ally of her most powerful and resolute foe?

"Considering the state of Sir Richard's health, and that you have both of you plenty of time before you, I conclude, my dear, that, suddenly as this matter has been arranged, your engagement will be a long one?" observed Mrs. Thorne. Her tone was as cheerful as she could make it, but, as a matter of fact, she was thinking what opportunities for a slip between the cup and the lip delay would offer.

"On the contrary," was Clara's dry reply. "Lady Trevor has urged me to comply with Hugh's desire that our marriage should take place at once. There is no knowing how long Sir Richard may be an invalid; his nerves, it seems, poor man, are in a wretched state, and anything of importance that is left in a state of suspense affects him, she tells me, like an impending calamity. For my part, since the affair is certain to produce a plentiful crop of gossip, the shorter the time that it is given to ripen the better. I am not to leave you, you know, mother," she added in a softened tone; "while Sir Richard lives Lady Trevor has stipulated that we should reside at the Court."

"That is very nice of her," observed Mrs. Thorne; to whom the information was very welcome, as mitigating that sense of parting which her tender heart could not fail to feel.

"She does not do it for your sake, nor yet for mine, however,"

laughed Clara; "it is because she cannot make up her mind to lose her darling Hugh."

That was the sole touch of satire with which Clara treated the lady whom she had been so little wont to spare; had her case been another's, the fact of Lady Trevor being about to become her mother-in-law would have accounted for her change of tone in this respect; but, as Lucy at all events well understood, mere "belonging" would never have dulled the sharpness of her sister's tongue; it was clear that by some means Lady Trevor had secured her allegiance, and that, as it afterwards proved, to an extent which, to say truth, the members of her own family—at least, in the way of freedom from sarcasm—had not enjoyed; for from henceforth not a syllable even in jest ever escaped her to her ladyship's disapprovement.

It was no wonder that Lucy was puzzled. Even Charlie noticed the change, and inquired of her by what magic it had taken place. "There has been no Petruchio as yet," he remarked, "to curb the tongue of your Katherine;" an observation which gave Lucy pain, not from the reflection upon Clara's character which it invoked, but from its hint at Hugh's. It reawakened all her old apprehensions of the treatment to which any wife of his was liable to be subjected.

Clara herself, however, seemed to have no fears on this point. She accepted all the congratulations that poured in upon her with genuine satisfaction; the false ones quite as readily as the true; indeed, the former were particularly welcome, as being a tribute to those powers of fascination on which she prided herself far more than upon more homely virtues. Rarely had a young woman of ambition more cause to plume herself upon the success of her plans. Never were lover, betrothed, and future mother-law more in accord as to the desirability of a speedy marriage.

Hugh, of course, was impatient; that little interlude with Jenny Beeton seemed to be as completely forgotten as it had been given, and in no way interrupted the course of his more serious lovemaking.

The remembrance of it, however humiliating to Clara, was even of some practical benefit, since it suggested another danger in delay. To lose her lover now, by any means, might well have driven even her haughty spirit to despair. As to Lady Trevor, the recollection of her son's late reckless conduct filled her with apprehensions. Should anything happen to Sir Richard, and Hugh became his own master, it was quite possible that some new object of passion might take the place of Clara in his unstable heart, in which case what mercy would she herself be likely to obtain at the hands of such a girl thus wronged?

It was, indeed, of the utmost importance that the marriage should

take place as soon as possible, and an early date was fixed for it. In the mean time, the part Lady Trevor had to play was made easy for her by the assistance of her new ally. When Lady Joddrell, under the guise of congratulation, made herself unpleasant with condolences about Clara's want of fortune and position, and even hinted at her having angled for the heir of Mirbridge, she at once referred her to Clara herself.

"She has certainly fascinated my son, and overcome my own natural objections to the match," she smilingly replied. "You must ask her and not me how she has contrived to do it. I am sure you will find her very frank."

Lady Joddrell had no doubt of that, and prudently shrank from the inquiry. As to Mrs. Westrop, a much more difficult person to deal with, she had no daughters to dispose of, and felt neither jealousy nor disappointment at the unexpected news.

"For my part," she said, when Lady Joddrell confessed her indignation at the success of the designing young woman at the Rectory, "I don't blame the girl for doing the best she can for herself, while if she deserves punishment for her scheming she will certainly get it as Hugh Trevor's wife. My own poor dear was bad enough in many ways, but he was never a brute, as I believe that young man to be. He will probably beat her."

"Very likely," said Lady Joddrell, in a tone in which, to say the least of it, there was little disapprobation.

Upon the whole Mrs. Westrop was not displeased; she had not much faith in man when tempted by beauty, and looked upon Clara's engagement as the withdrawal of a possible obstacle to the success of her plan for Charley's benefit. She now even believed (so readily do we credit what sorts with our own wishes) that it was for Charley's sake, and not for Hugh's, that Lady Trevor had invited Miss Mumchance to Mirbridge.

But, after all, the person most at fault as to the circumstances which had caused such a revolution in Clara's fortunes was Lucy herself. Her sister had never vouchsafed to her the least explanation of the phenomenon.

When they had met together, as usual, upstairs after that proclamation of the matter in the dining-room, she had naturally looked for details, but Clara had only stated vaguely—but also with a touch of that grim humour which always alarmed the other—that Hugh had been more pressing than usual, and that his mother had shown herself more reasonable than she had expected. Lucy had her fears for Clara's future happiness, as we know, but she chose to look upon the bright side of things, while, as regarded the probable effect of her sister's marriage upon her own affairs, it was certainly favourable. Except in the way of fortune, no objections could be offered to her union with Charley, save such as had been urged—and been overcome—against her sister. It would certainly tend to draw the two families together, for, however little a man may care for his wife's relations (and Lucy knew that Hugh liked neither her nor hers), it is difficult for a man to make her ignore them when they live in the same parish. As to the matter of fortune, there were now even hopes for Lucy in that direction. Miss Mumchance had written a confidential letter to Mr. Gurdon—a strange thing, perhaps, for her to do, but a woman who has £300,000 of her own can do anything—empowering him, on her behalf, to offer Charles Trevor the agency of her Irish estates, with an income which in Lucy's modest eyes meant wealth. It was understood that this offer was made to enable him to marry the girl of his choice, and Charley—though, with characteristic consideration, the heiress had left the time for its acceptance almost at his own election—would not have had a moment's hesitation in the matter; but Lucy was by no means so ready. She was touched to the core by her new friend's kindness, and acknowledged it in the tenderest terms; but, for the present, she was firm in her resolve not to leave home. Her mother felt even Clara's departure, and how much more would she feel that of her younger daughter! Her father, too, she well knew, would miss her as though she were his own right hand. She would stay with the old people till, at all events, their wound was healed, and not make a second gap in their little household. What tended to strengthen her resolution was Clara's advice to the same effect. She, too, rather unexpectedly to Lucy—first because she had not given her credit for such sensibility, and, secondly, because it argued a valuation of herself in her parent's eyes, of the recognition of which she had never before given sign—dwelt upon the melancholy effects which the second blow was likely to have upon the old couple.

"I think you should spare them, if you can, Lucy, at all events for the present. You may justly say," she added, with her usual frankness, "that it is easy for me, who am to have my way at once, to preach patience to you, but there is really not the same reason for a hasty marriage in your case that there is in mine. You can depend upon the fidelity of your swain, whatever happens; he is like papa's old mare, which requires no catching, and has only to be shown a sieve full of oats to bring her nose over the gate at any time; whereas Hugh, I confess, is what Mr. Wurzel calls 'chancey.'"

The metaphor was not quite to Lucy's liking, but of its applicability there could be no shadow of doubt. Her Charley did not even need the oats, but only the bridle. She never guessed, what Clara was far too judicious to hint at, that her sister had hopes of providing for her future without the necessity of her leaving home—or, at all events, of going to Ireland—at all. The thought of inducing Hugh to make some fitting provision for his brother (and, therefore, for Lucy) had always been in her mind; and now, when her affection for her betrothed had certainly not been increased by his recent conduct, she more than ever cherished the idea of making him useful.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WEDDED

WHAT Sir Richard Trevor thought of the engagement of his son and heir to the Rector's daughter was a matter of speculation to many minds. They pictured him tossing on his restless bed, and combating his lady's arguments, only to be vanquished by them; as, indeed, it was understood, had been the case when he was comparatively hale and well. It would have astonished them very much could they have put aside his curtains and seen how very calm and quiet he lay, without any tumult in his mind at all, but only one absorbing doubt, with which no thought of Miss Clara Thorne had anything to do. That he would never leave his bed again he was well assured, though how long it would be before he exchanged it for the Trevor vault under Mirbridge Church was doubtful; and, under such circumstances, the human mind is apt to dissociate itself from such subjects as a young woman's ineligibility (through want of "position in the county" or otherwise) for marriage, and to concentrate it upon more important, if less obvious matters. Nevertheless, the sick man had been informed by his wife of the engagement that had been entered into; and, if it could not be said to have his approval, he had offered no objections. Approval as regarded anything in connection with the doings of his elder son was, indeed, out of the question; and, as for objections, like his wife herself, and for the same reason, there was nothing for him but to submit. She had told him all: how Clara Thorne had gained possession of half her secret, and how necessary it was, for the preservation of the other half, that that young woman should have her way. It was about that other half, as Lady Trevor was well aware, though she did not venture to allude to it, that poor Sir Richard "lay a thinking."

Like the rest of us, when we come to be on our deathbeds, he had many things to repent of—things done, alas! as well as things undone; time misused as well as wasted. It

is only *there* that our ill deeds present themselves in their true colours, or perhaps present themselves at all. I was once present at one of those meetings of the Salvation Army where converted persons are invited to stand upon the stool of repentance and confess the wickedness of their past lives. Curiosity, however, I noticed, among the habitual congregation, was only very slightly excited: they were accustomed to the revelations that were about to be given, and knew there would be nothing in them. It almost seemed that, unless for what is vulgarly called "the look of the thing," these penitents might just as well have remained unregenerate. According to their own account, they had really never committed any sins worth mentioning; and in the presence of so much virtue—or, at least, freedom from vice—I felt myself quite abashed. If the spirit had moved me—which I am happy to think it did not—to tell them a few personal experiences of my own, I should have shocked those good people very much; and yet I should say, upon the whole, as an evil doer I am rather under than above the average. It was obvious to any one conversant with the real stool of repentance is only to be found in the Chamber of Death. It is there, too, that men are often brought face to face with a worse thing than the need of repentance—with Remorse. Some wrong they have done to others, and which they have repented of, so far as regret is concerned, in sackcloth and ashes, but unhappily have not remedied. It was this uninvited visitor who sat with grim visage by poor Sir Richard's pillow, and waited for his "Yea" or "Nay."

The excuse which Lady Trevor put forth for holding a marriage feast in a house of sickness was that her husband had expressed himself unwilling that his malady should in any way interfere with or delay the happiness of the young people. And it was true that in general terms he had often expressed himself to that effect. Not so much through philanthropy (though he was a kindly-hearted man) as through an antagonism to all that was conventional (or perhaps respectable), it had been his wont to maintain that the poor sum of human happiness ought never to be subtracted from unnecessarily—that funerals, for example, should not be permitted to postpone weddings, and would even half-cynically hint that the baked meats of the one might, in the interests of economy, furnish forth the feast of the other. But as for the particular marriage at present in view, it is doubtful whether Sir Richard had said much about it. Since silence gives consent, it might, however, be considered that he had consented to it, for it was a subject on which he had spoken scarcely at all, not because he took no interest in it—though in the parties concerned it must be owned he took uncommonly little—but because of its connection with that other matter which lay so heavily upon his mind. It was impossible to conceal from himself that, in allowing Clara Thorne to marry Hugh—no matter what might be the mercenary influences that actuated her—another victim beside his younger son was about to be sacrificed to what Lady Trevor euphemistically termed "the exigencies of our position." They were obtaining a daughter-in-law—though, it was true, unsought—under false pretences. This troubled her ladyship, in comparison with other matters, but very little. If she had qualms about it, they were not so much of conscience as of apprehension of Clara's wrath if she should ever come to know the truth. Her mind, too, was just now full of affairs, preparations, correspondence, and the like, in the turmoil of which she at least found forgetfulness. But to Sir Richard, prone upon his pillow, with the knowledge that the window opposite would presently become to him "a glimmering square," this consideration forced itself upon his attention. How much he thought of it, however, his wife little suspected. He had given in to her arguments as to the necessity of the marriage taking place, and it was not worth while to make a stand on a single point when he had long ago given way on all others in connection with it. As to the time, if the marriage was to take place on the morrow or next year—supposing him to be still alive—that seemed to him of small consequence. To Lady Trevor, on the other hand, it was of most pressing urgency.

The condition of Sir Richard, of course, put all ideas of public festivity out of the question, a circumstance by no means in itself to be deplored. There would have been something that to her mind would have seemed to court rather than defy inquiry, had Hugh been married with all that flourish of trumpets that became his supposed position in the county. To get it done in so quiet a manner was, apart from the sad cause for quietness, a matter on which she had indeed much cause for congratulation. In this, too, she found sympathisers in all the inmates of the Rectory. The bride's ambition was of the practical sort; she was well content to enjoy her triumph without spectators; while her mother, though she allowed herself some pardonable pride in her daughter's new position, had little taste for pomps and vanities of any kind. It was sufficient for her that her remaining daughter should accompany her sister to the altar, though as her only bridesmaid, and that her husband, unassisted by Dean or Bishop, should perform the ceremony. Mr. Thorne did indeed suggest to Lady Trevor that it would be a kindly recognition of old times to invite Canon Spenser, as a friend of the family, and a former Rector of Mirbridge, to help him to tie the knot, but the proposition was received with unmistakable disfavour.

"If the Canon were to come, my dear Mr. Thorne, it is certain he would wish to see my husband, to whom every species of excitement has been forbidden, you know, by the doctor."

The injunction must indeed have been a strict one, since it not only shut out the Rector himself from the sick room, but even the bride and bridegroom. The circumstance of Sir Richard not even bidding them good-bye would certainly have occasioned some scandal, but that on the morning of the wedding the invalid was understood to have suffered a slight relapse, which put his doing so out of the question. No doubt, thought those who beheld the gloom on Dr. Wood's handsome face, it was the knowledge of his patient's precarious position that overshadowed it, and made him so very unlike a marriage guest. He came, indeed, to the modest feast at the Court, but not till after the happy couple had been whisked away by their four posters over the snow; and to witness their marriage he could not bring himself. He went to the church as in duty bound, but the sight of the lovely Clara attired for the altar was too much for him; and, under pretence of an urgent message from a patient—the first professional advertisement the young fellow, to do him justice, had ever feigned—he fled the spectacle of her sacrifice to Mammon. The judgment was a severe one, and, at all events, quite uncalled for upon his part, since she had never shown the least desire to be sacrificed to *Aesculapius*; but he was not the only one who did not look upon Mr. Hugh Trevor as the ideal of Love's young dream in Clara's eyes. Mrs. Grange had come back from town, where she had seen her son happily united to his beloved, with no very high opinion of the gentleman who, in his character of bridegroom, she privately stigmatised as "Jenny's leavings;" she was old-fashioned, and entertained the complacent conviction that, if she had been in Miss Clara's place, she would not have permitted him to transfer his affections to herself with such abruptness. That Clara knew of that little episode she had not a shade of doubt; but, on the other hand, the housekeeper was both discreet and loyal, and

not a word escaped her lips that could lead any one else to guess at it.

Mr. John Beeton, naturally enough, also listened to the vows of the young squire with some cynical incredulity. Delicacy of feeling might have kept others in his place absent from the wedding; nor did any interest in the bridegroom—unless indeed such can be said to be evoked by an unmitigated detestation—attract him thither. But curiosity and the allurements of a gratuitous entertainment were too strong for him. The knowledge that there was plenty of good liquor provided at the Court for all who had witnessed the ceremony may also have influenced his conduct.

Mr. Smug was another person who entertained no high opinion of Mr. Hugh Trevor as a bridegroom, but he, too, kept it to himself. Though he would doubtless have resented the appellation as anything but a compliment, the preacher was a man of honour. The notion of making mischief between high and low, which to some persons in his position would have been an irresistible temptation, was abhorrent to him. Such was his simplicity that he could not imagine the bride to be cognisant of Hugh's late peccadillo (which it is probable he would have designated by a very different name), and regarded her, with sad forebodings, as an innocent and unconscious victim to a libertine. Her beauty had awakened in him a homage (though of a very different kind) as genuine as in the breast of the young doctor himself, and it is probable, even if his objections to prelatical observances had not kept him absent from the ceremony, that he would not have "had the heart" to witness it. He missed, however, a most charming sight. Never had the old church, still gay with its Christmas decorations, held so lovely and majestic a bride. Even Lady Trevor, who had so many reasons for regretting that she was compelled to welcome Clara Thorne as a daughter-in-law, could not withhold her unstinted admiration for so much grace and beauty. Even the bride's own mother seemed for the first time to become aware of those transcendent charms which drew the tears of pride to her tender eyes.

Nor can it be denied that Hugh himself looked every inch a bridegroom. His face was always a striking one, and would have been handsome, but for its expression, which was generally either cynical or morose; but, as Lady Trevor would sometimes remark, with a *naïveté* very foreign to her character: "There is no one who looks more charming, when he is pleased, than my son Hugh." On the present occasion he might well look pleased (without deserving much praise for being so good as to be in a good temper), and he did so. The question, however, that occurred to more than one spectator who watched his smiling gaze as it rested upon his lovely bride was, "I wonder how long it will last."

The smile of his best man Mr. Gurdon, who was otherwise by no means to be compared with him for good looks, was, on the other hand, one of the pleasantest sights in that gay scene, and seemed to emit a whole atmosphere of good humour. It was obviously the outcome of a kind and cheerful nature, and made to last. His hostess had been long greatly indebted to it, especially in the maintenance of peace between her two sons during the last eventful days. "Never so near as when we part," says the proverb, but the brothers had never been so near a quarrel as when they were about to part. Hugh had considered the occasion of his own marriage an opportune one for dropping more than one hint of the absurdity of penniless younger sons entangling themselves with portionless girls.

(To be continued)



WE ought, long ago, to have noticed the late Dr. Richey's "Short History of the Irish People" (Dublin: Hodges and Figgis; London: Longmans). It is one of the most masterly contributions ever made to a subject so little understood and yet so deeply important. John Bull is too apt to think that Pat has been moving along the same line which has led him (Bull) to a certain kind of prosperity, and therefore he attributes it to Pat's "cussedness" that the result in his case has been so different. There are very few Englishmen who do not, at bottom, share Sir John Davis' regret, that St. Patrick "left the men to inhabit the land while banishing the poisonous worms;" but, as the Irish seem as likely as ever to refuse to be "improved off," it is worth while to read the present in the light of the past; and for "dry light," with no glare of passion or prejudice, it would be hard to match Dr. Richey. He may seem to devote too much space to the tribe (he here condenses his admirable introduction to Vol. iv. of "The Ancient Laws of Ireland," Rolls' Series); but tribal instincts are still strong in Ireland, and the Land question, as it was and as it is, can never be mastered without reference to them. In his chapter on the "Early Church of Ireland," he lays his finger on its *differences*—the Bishops were monastery Bishops; had not, and, from the way in which the country was settled, could not have territorial jurisdiction. He is equally clear when he comes to discuss the relations between the Anglo-Norman and the native ecclesiastics, and how these affected the Reformation in Ireland; but more important than all is his estimate (that of an impartial Protestant, whose free handling of Church matters calls forth, p. 72, the protest of his Roman Catholic editor, Dr. Romney Kane) of the "Plantation of Ulster." That plantation, he says, was needless; had O'Neill and O'Donnell and their clans been treated with common fairness, instead of a foreign colony, which has ever since claimed to be an "Ascendancy," we might have had the same material welfare with a native population bound to us by love. And so we should have been saved from 1641, the *natural result of the plantation*, and from all the misery consequent thereon. Such testimony from such a witness is very important; and its importance is only one reason for strongly recommending Professor Richey's book. When foreigners are taking up the subject; when "the Irish crisis" is discussed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and Dr. Hassencamp treats with Teutonic exhaustiveness the period from the Reformation to the Union, we cannot afford to be ignorant of what concerns us much more nearly than it can concern Germans or Frenchmen. And the study, with works like Dr. Richey's for text-books, will (in his own words) "teach us sympathy with all Irish parties." The danger is a "half-knowledge which enables political intriguers to influence the passions of their dupes; and this remark," adds Dr. Richey, "I do not confine to the writers of any creed or politics." Because he leads instead of misleading, his book stands on a very different level from many "Irish histories."

Very unlike Dr. Richey's book, and yet in their own way admirable, are the Jubilee Edition of "Cassell's History of England," Vol. I. (Cassell), and Mr. H. W. Dulcken's translation of De Bonnechose's "Popular History of France" (Ward and Lock). Both are profusely illustrated, many of the illustrations in Cassell representing such less-known scenes as "Robert of Normandy courting the Lady Sibylla," "Arrest of Archbishop Geoffrey by John," "Heroism of St. Clair at the Siege of Bridgnorth," &c. Most of them are well executed, "Becket before his Enemies," for instance, is quite *hors ligne*; and the letterpress is readable and trustworthy. The French history is terser, devoting less space to the whole than Cassell's gives to the record of the first fourteen centuries; but it, too, may be read for pleasure as well as for instruction, so

graphically does M. de Bonnechose write where the subject demands graphic writing. Nearly half the book, of which the last illustration is a *mitrailleuse*, is devoted to post-Revolution times, of the details of which many who do know something of early French history are content to be ignorant. A postscript by the translator (whose work is excellently done), brings the history down to the close of the Commune.

Mr. Rider Haggard's views are so well known that everybody could pretty well foresee what he would say in the new introduction to the second edition of "Cetywayo and his White Neighbours" (Trübner). He would insist on the ugly fact that twice were promises made by Lord Wolseley in the Queen's name—when he vowed that the Transvaal should remain a British possession for ever, and when he promised that under no circumstances should Cetywayo be ever allowed to return to Zululand; and he would moralise on "the danger of making promises on behalf of a party-governed country." He would point out that his prophecies had hitherto come true; and he would, despite all that has been done, speak hopefully (his nature being hopeful) of the future. All this he does. He is triumphant, not unnaturally, because after Cetywayo had been, as he believes, poisoned, and "Her Majesty's representatives, who, dreading responsibility, would not interfere to save a people and a country, we were at last forced to save such remnants of people and country as the Boers had left." For the future he thinks it possible to build up little by little a South African Confederation, and such an Empire he is sure will not take the form of a Dutch Republic. The book, apart from the introduction, is already deservedly valued. It is written by one who knows what he writes about; and if Mr. Haggard has a poor opinion of the Boers, so have most Englishmen who have come much in contact with them. Of our desertion of our native subjects and allies he does not speak a whit too strongly; but he hardly explains the strange *volte-face* from the enthusiasm with which the Boers in 1876 welcomed British rule, taking the horses out of Sir T. Shepstone's carriage, &c., to their bitter hostility not a year after. No wonder some have sought in German intrigue for the key to such a mystery.

According to "Golden South Africa" (Whittingham : London ; Davis : Durham), the gold fields, lying mostly inland from Lourenço Marques, promise well. But the road to them is not a pleasant one. The Portuguese port is one of the world's worst fever-nests; and the tsetse fly is a real pest for those to whose locomotion oxen are a *sine qua non*. May is the deadliest month in the year; and, though Mr. Mathers gives Dr. Livingstone's fever recipe, he does not set much store by it. Mr. Mathers interviewed President Kruger, and had a talk with Umbandine, of whose cynical cruelty he gives an instance which makes one wish a Boer "commando" would free the world of his presence. "Swaziland," he says, "must become British or Boer very shortly;" and, being as indignant as Mr. Haggard himself at some of our *faches* in South Africa, he eagerly asks, "Which is it to be?"

All books composed of humorous extracts are apt to leave a melancholy flavour when taken in large doses. But how supremely dismal a thing is American humour, unless taken very sparingly indeed, is fully revealed by the thick volume called "Mark Twain's Library of Humour," with 197 illustrations by E. W. Kemble (Chatto and Windus). It provides very dismal reading: and even such favourites as "The Jumping Frog" and the "Heathen Chinee" are unable to bear up against the dead weight of jesters who appear, from little biographical notices, to be held in esteem by their fellow-countrymen. Persons in search of "lively" extracts for penny readings and such-like entertainments will find in this volume all their old friends, and a great many new acquaintances; and will, we imagine, prefer the former to the latter. The chief interest of the volume lies in the discovery that any human being should have thought the bulk of it worth collection, save as evidence of the depth of imbecility of which the human mind is capable—a depth which appears to be fully attainable only in Transatlantic air.

"Topchi," which being interpreted is "man cannon," is a Swedish inventor who for eight years has been travelling through Europe in search of pleasure for himself and a market for his *mitrailleuses*. Of the former he has managed to secure a large share, notably at Bucharest. And, though his habit throughout is to name names as freely as if he were an American or a contributor to a London Society journal, it would have been more chivalrous had he broken his rule in regard to the Roumanian beauties. It cannot be pleasant even to a half-Oriental lady to read in an anonymous book that she is wonderfully witty and amusing, and that nobody ever accused her of being a prude, or for another to find that, "before her divorce, her husband, who was fatuously blind, did not, they said, pay all her dressmakers' bills." This, however, is only "Topchi's" way, and those who like Society papers will find his book all the more amusing therefor. In other respects "A Travers l'Orient et l'Occident" (Trenké and Fusnot : St. Petersburg) is bright, lively, and full of new views of men and things. The writer is a good man of business; when the Japanese Prince Komatsu was passing through Vienna he was caught, and taken to see "mes canons;" and, while his style is as sparkling as his narrative, he does not show a trace of that snobbishness which seeks to hide the commercial agent behind the *frac* of the man of fashion. He is both the one and the other, and always equally proud of either role.

Resplendent in white and gold, Mr. J. G. Cox's "Jubilee-Tide in Rome" (Burns and Oates) looks very different from what its chapters did when they appeared week by week in the *Tablet*. Of course the presents (among them the marvellous sapphire ring from the Sultan) occupy some of Mr. Cox's space—not much—for there were very few English ones. "English Bishops discouraged the sending anything but money." The interview with the Irish pilgrims (who were not, like the English, received one by one) will naturally be read with interest. "Fixing his eyes on Archbishop Walsh, the Pope set strongly before them the example of the Germans, who had conquered without overstepping the bounds of constitutional agitation."

One of the many blots on English education is that, though there are Chairs of Geology at both Oxford and Cambridge, the science is ignored in the examinations, and therefore in the curriculum of public, and of most private, schools. More astonishing still is it that Government does not make the study compulsory even in the Staff College, though for India especially a subaltern can take out no more valuable and interesting acquirement. Mr. Lobley gives due praise to the Jermyn Street Museum, and says of that at South Kensington, "Nowhere else in the world is there such a collection of fossils and minerals so grandly housed and splendidly displayed." Aiming at simplicity, and succeeding in his aim, he cries out against "the books which bristle with technicalities;" yet even he has occasionally to use hard words, for instance, hypersthene, labradorite, eurite, tricline, and orthoclase felspar all occur on one page (63); but then the same page contains a clear, easy definition of porphyry—"a rock having distinct crystals in a matrix of the same formation." The fact is, geology has got beyond the merely popular stage, and if we would make any way in it, we must accept and learn its terminology. Most of the chapters in "Geology for All" (Roper and Downey) are, however, popular in all senses; that on "Earth-water," for instance, points out between old London pump-wells, which never go below the gravel, and the big brewers' artesian wells, a contrast as to quality which should be seriously thought over by temperance advocates.

Geology may not hold its right place in education, but the same

cannot be said of other branches of physical science. For these the text-books must keep abreast of the time—a hard thing to do when discovery goes on by leaps and bounds. "Electricity and Magnetism," and "Sound, Light, and Heat," begun by Mr. Dunman, and, after his death, completed by Mr. Chapman Jones (both books are published by Ward and Lock), embody the latest discoveries and the most recent applications of these sciences, including a complete history of the telephone, from its first construction in 1861 by Reiss of Friedrichsdorf. Mr. Jones finds space even to say something about electric railways. Both the little manuals may well claim the title "approved educational books," which is given to the series to which they belong.

The third volume of Mr. Thomas Henry Taunton's "Portraits of Celebrated Racehorses" (Sampson Low), brings us down from 1824 to 1842, and includes most of the winners of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger during that period. Here we find portraits of such animals as Cadland and The Colonel, which ran a dead heat for the Derby in 1828, Priam, who secured the Blue Riband in 1830 after no less than thirteen false starts, Plenipotentiary, Touchstone, Cotherstone, Orlando, and The Baron, all of whom live again in their descendants of to-day. The additional illustrations include an old print of the race for the Doncaster Cup, a portrait of Mr. Benjamin Marshall, a celebrated animal-painter of the last century, and others of such famous jockeys as young Sam Chifney, Jem Robinson, and Sam Rogers, sometimes confused with his namesake, the banker-poet. In all technical respects the present volume is fully up to the level of its predecessors, and makes us hope that Mr. Taunton will not end his work at 1870, as he at present intends, but will add a supplementary volume for the many good horses which have been seen since then.

OUR RIDING-SCHOOL

"EVERY gentleman," said Pipkin, with his provincial lecturer air, "every gentleman ought to know how to ride." He thought he was being original, he wasn't aware he was only echoing one of the favourite phrases of those darling lady novelists—those pale geniuses who are terrified to death in a hansom if the horse sneezes, but whose heroes ride straight as a die in the shires, and win regimental steeplechases with broken ribs. Pipkin himself, on the strength of being ploughed time after time for the line, flatters himself he has the cavalry seat, and as often as not on holidays, when we have seven-and-sixpence worth, bumps along like a yeomanry orderly. So it was settled we should ride through the winter at a military school.

"A rough place," said Pipkin, "where you get thoroughly shaken up and learn a lot."

I had, of course, ridden before. When I lived in Bayswater I embraced the Persian system; I rode, and spoke the truth, and was, I believe, considered rather disagreeable for my pains. I used to go to a riding-school, where all I was told was to sit up. "Don't let me see that back, sir!" was the phrase, and there on Wednesdays we used to have a bit of a band in the gallery, and relatives and friends, mostly laughing into muffs. I bestrode an amiable beast with a weeping eye, who took me just where he pleased, generally alongside of the horse he knew best, and had most to say to. A dashing girl used generally to ride his friend, I remember, in a black satin habit, and, in consequence of my animal's affinity, we became friends. Once, leaning over in a gallant way to fasten her glove, my gentleman stopped—and I went on. The band was wheezing out *Carmen*, and the dirt got down my collar, but I remounted with immense gravity and coolness, and in my endeavour to regain my lost position threw the serpentining all wrong. I thought I heard a whisper of "Take his horse away from him;" but they couldn't do that, I had paid in advance.

The first day I went to the place the man said I ought to ride well, I'd a good leg, and I gave him two shillings. I heard him make the same remark to a young gentleman with a limb to which, if I had lost my own, I should have preferred a stick.

Besides riding in that school, I had often ridden elsewhere—in fact, to do myself justice, I don't ever remember refusing a mount. I was taught as a boy on a patient gray mare with a broken spirit, when staying with friends at Maidenhead. Once, on a Christmas Day, in the ice and snow, I rode all the way over to Harrow, with a stylish acquaintance who owned a pair of cobs, and who, by the way, has never asked me again since.

"Don't ride him on the curb, sir," said the groom as I clambered up, "or he'll turn nasty with you."

I nodded, and frowned in answer, as much as to say, "You're quite right to tell me—you're only doing your duty; but, my good fellow, you don't know me."

To this day I don't know whether I rode him most on the curb or on the snaffle; and yet—stay!—two or three times we were on the pavement. Did the man mean that when he said, "Don't ride him on the curb?"

When he got to the barracks, Pipkin—who, the nearer we approached, became the more curt and military, with a longer cavalry stride—took me up into the gallery. Down in the school a fat white neophyte of forty, in a woollen jersey and military boots and breeches lent him by the sergeant-major, was ambling round with knitted brow and open mouth. His eye was steady on the end of his nose; but, like Banquo's, it was without speculation, until he caught sight of us; then he spoke rather angrily to his instructor. He had evidently bargained and paid for complete solitude during his performance, and now he spied strangers. But he had his revenge when, standing over us later, he saw me cast like a bolt from the bow over the head of the doctor's pony. With characteristic persistency I stuck to the reins, and the whole head-gear came off in my hands, and there stood the pony, in all her native malignity, licking her lips over me. The sergeant-major rushed to my aid; he didn't want a new pupil frightened to death the first day: but I wanted no help, and bore no ill-will: in fact, that pony and I became the best of friends; at any rate, I had my arms round her neck more than once before the lesson was over.

Now I confess that my notion of a riding lesson was the old peaceful form it used to take in Bayswater. There we met and chatted, and heard the band play, and afterwards in very tight-strapped trousers I used to drive the young lady in black satin part of her way home; put her down at the corner, in short. No leaping, or crossing stirrups, or rough, dangerous nonsense of that sort.

But the sergeant-major had other views; he had a spur embroidered on his arm, which meant rough-rider, I believe, and he wanted me to be the same. He said I had a good leg, and ought to ride well, and I agreed with him; but I thought his method barbaric in the extreme, and disagreed with him entirely when he either suddenly rattled his stick along the wall, or threw his cap at us, or pretended to go outside and, without warning, reappeared over the door with a wild shout: any one of which manoeuvres either instantly strewed me in the tan, or at least doubled me over the saddle-bow, like a painted monkey on the top of a stick. Even Pipkin would lose his *aplomb* at those times, and be a minute or two on one side, or with his head down. The real truth was, Pipkin appreciated it as little as I, only he wasn't so natural in giving expression to his fear and dislike. And what was the good of it all? It wasn't teaching me to ride—it was teaching me to fall off. Ultimately, after an afternoon of more than usual severity, I told the sergeant-major I hadn't come there so much to learn to ride as for

my health's sake, just to get exercise. Pure fiction, of course, but it saved me a vast deal of alarm and discomfort, and caused the retirement of the doctor's pony, who kicked at me with a squeal as she was led out. After that, I used to ignore the order to cross stirrups when it was given, and went placidly over the bar on the back of a steed that I believe would have died sooner than cause me the slightest inconvenience. Pipkin said, rather morosely, that I shouldn't get much good out of it now; but I didn't care so long as I didn't get much harm—so long as I wasn't hurt.

Our sergeant-major and instructor was a very handsome man, with apparently a large correspondence, which, after my withdrawal from the more active exercise of the ring, he took the opportunity to peruse. Occasionally he would look up with a glance at my trouser creeping slowly but steadily up my leg, and, with the remark "You'll lose that trouser, sir!" go on with his reading as before. Once, seeing him deep in a letter, I furtively crossed my stirrups, just to see if I were any more secure in my seat, and then, on his suddenly and briskly saying, "Now, then! left turn," immediately fell off. I thought to give him a lesson against the folly of issuing such sudden commands by lying still and pretending to be rather hurt, and any one can see I might very easily have dislocated my shoulder. But it didn't move the sergeant-major. The fact was he had that day been drinking a bit. Any other day I should have got some expression of regret out of him, but that day he just came and stood unsteadily over me, swaying slightly, and after a "Gobblissmissoul!" reached out his hand, not quite in my direction, with the remark—"Never get any ridenoutoyousir!" My horse all the while hadn't moved; there was more apology in his eye than in a whole regiment of sergeant-majors.

We ended the season friendly enough, but I shan't go there again; in fact, have already made other arrangements. Last week I went to another place, where the value of human life and limb is better recognised; where man, not being merely regarded as food for powder, is in consequence treated with some consideration and care. Pipkin is scornful about it, and laughs rather disagreeably; but I believe I shall get along all right. The man says I ought to ride well, I've a good leg. I gave him a shilling, and thought I detected something in his eye that seemed to say that hitherto the remark had elicited more. So it had, when it was new to me.

W. F.

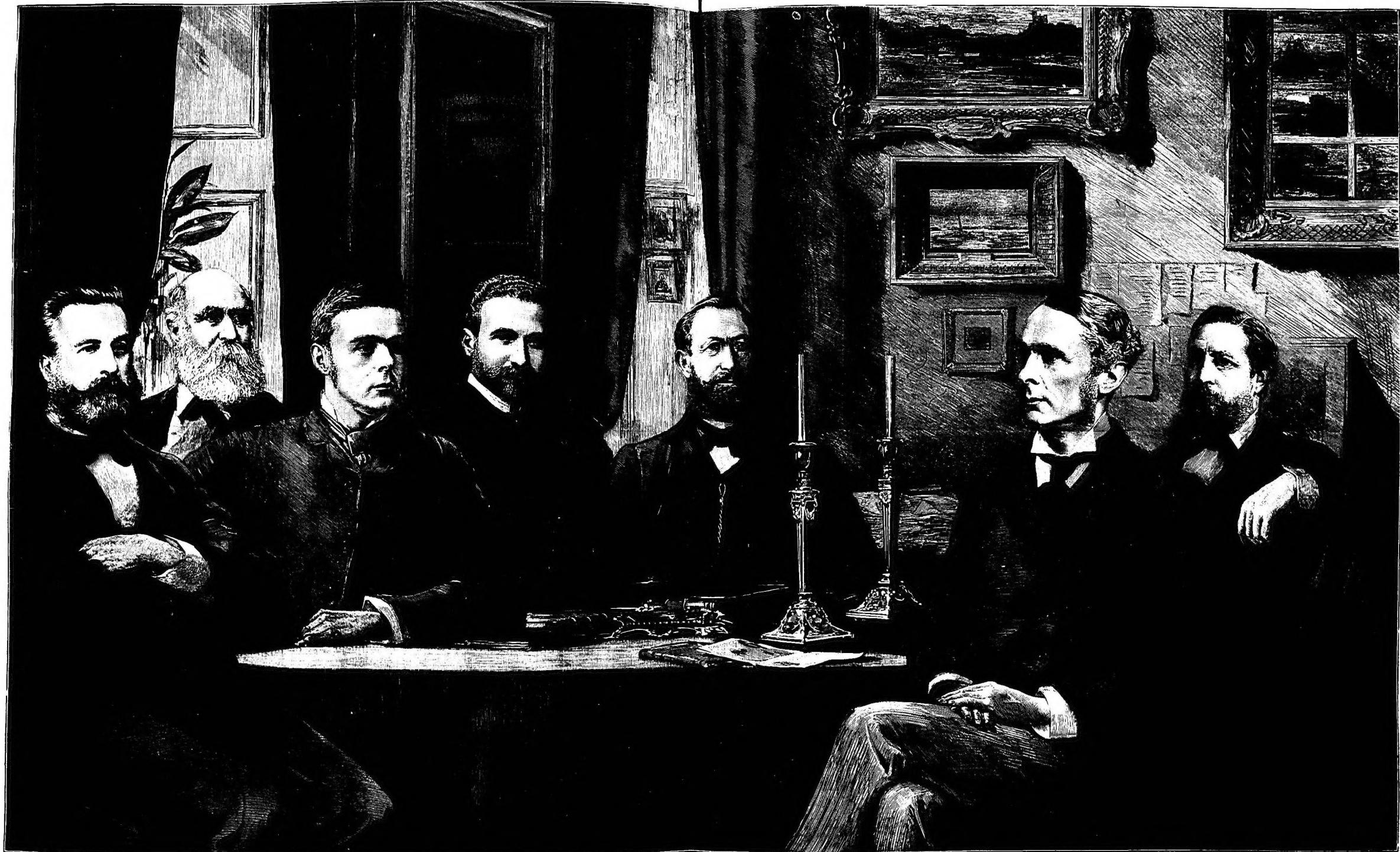


AN anonymous novel called "The Rebel Rose" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is certain—if it be possible to speculate on such an uncertain element as popular interest—to attract exceptional attention. It is a political romance, which, nevertheless, those who care for romance and not for politics, and those who care for politics and not for romance, will alike read with interest. We have formed our own very decided opinion as to the authorship of this altogether remarkable production; but, whether that opinion be right or wrong, it is evidently enough the work of one or more persons who are very much behind the social and political scenes. The sentiment of Jacobitism has, unquestionably, been coming to the front of late to a degree which has considerably surprised those persons who imagined it to be dead and buried, and there may still be many who will be startled to find it dealt with in a contemporary novel as a living reality. It is so dealt with, however, the heroine of "The Rebel Rose" being an altogether charming young woman who is supposed to represent in her person the title of the elder line of Stuart to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. There is, as everybody knows, a real Princess in that position; and the Princess Louis of Bavaria certainly has no cause of complaint for being so fascinatingly represented as by Mary Stuart Beaton, to whom is ascribed all the magnetic charm characteristic of her line. Whether some of the statesmen and politicians, easily recognisable in the persons of Sir Victor Champion, Lord Saxon, Rolfe Bellarmin, Tommy Tressel, and others, will be equally satisfied, is less certain. They will certainly find themselves in situations calculated to considerably astonish their constituents. Thanks mainly to Lady Saxon—whom, we are happy to say, we do not recognise—and to General Falcon, who attempts to play a modern Bothwell to the Princess's Mary, the dramatic interest of the story is strong enough in itself to enable the reader to dispense with the keys to its political and social doors, easy as these are to unlock and open. The faults of the romance are mainly due to deliberate eccentricity beyond even the requirements of an essentially eccentric subject. But few people will be disposed to quarrel with eccentricity, as such, when combined with unfailing excellence of style, irony not too subtle to be generally appreciated, and an underlying current of sympathy with an ideal standard of loyalty and chivalry. One is glad to meet with such a mirror of knightliness as Lord Stonehenge, and to be made to realise it as not incompatible with contemporary thoughts and ways. There are plenty of signs that the irony and the satire are after all but a disguise. However, we have said enough of a novel which challenges attention on so many different grounds as "The Rebel Rose."

"Life in the Cut," by Amos Read (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), and appropriately dedicated to Mr. George Smith of Coalville, is intended, by means of a story, to interest its readers in the nomad population of the canals. As is nearly always the case, the effect of the facts is seriously weakened by the fiction, which necessarily exposes the former to the suspicion of over-colour for dramatic purposes. And this is the more unfortunate, inasmuch as any such suspicion would assuredly be ill-founded. A good many people have come, by now, to know something about barge-life, and Mr. Read, we doubt not, is prepared with plenty of proof that there is not an atom too much blackness in his picture. We should say that he would do real service were he to present his experiences apart from the febleness of a sort of fiction which oscillates between the tract and the most antiquated of conventional stories about wicked young noblemen and virtuous men of the people. His purpose is also injured by a singularly stiff and clumsy style. Altogether, the work is rather for the philanthropist than for the novel-reader, not that we imply any essential distinction between them.

Mrs. J. H. Riddell's "Idle Tales" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey) are by no means a favourable example of the work of the authoress of "George Geith" and "The Senior Partner." That they have plenty of literary merit goes without saying; but they are altogether too slight, sketchy, and altogether "magazinish" to merit a reappearance in book form. No doubt each admirably served its own special purpose well enough to have earned repose. The most amusing is the correspondence of two suburban residents who quarrelled about a lost retriever—it contains some delightful scraps of the logic in vogue between angry neighbours.

Emily F. D. Osborn's "Peccavi" (3 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) is a type of the absolutely commonplace novel. The story is commonplace; so are the characters; so are the reflections; so is the style. There is really nothing to be said of it, save that it is eminently adapted for the entertainment of commonplace readers. It would be pleasant to find in it some salient fault to give it character. But it is so faultily faultless that it does not even deserve the application of the rest of the quotation.



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DR. BARTHELEBEN

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DR. KRAUSE

PROFESSOR SENATOR

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE

PROFESSOR VON LEYDEN

THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR-A CONSULTATION OF THE DOCTORS

A SKETCH IN SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S ROOM AT CHARLOTTENBURG

THE Late Emperor Frederick III.

(Concluded from page 664.)

army-corps were handed over to other generals; but, from August 4th to September 20th—or, speaking by events, from the battle of Weissenberg to the brilliant skirmish of Châtillon—the "Light Blues" had been led exclusively by Prussian "Fritz," and had got to like him a great deal better than they liked the Princes of their own Royal House. What they thought of his capacities as a general may be gathered from a spontaneous remark made to him by a much-be-medalled Bavarian infantry sergeant-major at Versailles. The Crown Prince had just bestowed the Iron Cross upon this veteran, and was asking him about his 1866 medals, where they were gained, &c., when the gallant Bavarian broke out with, "Royal Highness, it was an unlucky business for our army; if we had only had you to command us, we would have given those damned Prussians the devil's own thrashing!"

A few hours after the Third Army moved out of the Palatinate across the French frontier, it came upon Douay's division, holding a strong position on and round the Geisberg, a steep hill at the foot of which nestled the cosy little town of Weissenberg. The Bavarian *avant-garde* and two Prussian infantry regiments carried this position by storm, putting the French to flight with great slaughter. Two days later, the Crown Prince attacked MacMahon at Wörth, and won a victory which many military experts have pronounced to be the decisive battle of the campaign, so demoralising was the effect produced by it on the French Army. On this occasion he took two eagles, thirty field-guns, two mitrailleuses, and four thousand prisoners. A week later, having driven all the French field-forces out of Elsass, he crossed the Vosges with his victorious army, and advanced his head-quarters during the following six days successively to Blamont, Luneville, Nancy, Vaucouleurs, and Ligny. On August 20th, whilst visiting his father at Pont-à-Mousson, he received the Iron Cross of the First Class, which he ever thereafter wore on the left breast of his numerous military uniforms. A long and fatiguing march, by daily *étapes*, to Révigny, Saint Ménéholde, Séne, Pierremont, and Chemery, brought the Crown Prince's command up to Sedan in good time to take an important part in the capture of the French Army under MacMahon and Wimpffen. The "calamity of Sedan" cost France nearly 200,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, and overthrew the Second Empire. Napoleon III. surrendered in person to William I., and "Fritz" was present at the touching interview which took place between the two Sovereigns at Château Bellevue. To him the captive Emperor expressed his warm sense of King William's courtesy and kindness, pressing his hand cordially as he took leave of him. Victor and vanquished never met again in life.

After this transcendent feat of arms, the Crown Prince pushed forward by forced marches into the very heart of France. Whilst halting at Rheims (September 6th) he issued a moving appeal to the German nation, which resulted in the founding of a Fund for the Maintenance of Military Invalids, and of the widows and orphans of officers and soldiers succumbing to wounds or sickness. On September 20th he entered Versailles, after having visited the scene of the previous day's engagement at Plessis-Piquet, and took up his head-quarters in the magnificent Palace dedicated by Louis XIV. "To all the glories of France." From this abode he moved to the Prefecture, and finally (when the King elected to reside in the latter mansion) to a pretty little villa in the outskirts of the town, called "Les Ombrages," which he continued to occupy until the close of the campaign. In Versailles he celebrated his fortieth birthday, taking occasion to distribute Iron Crosses to some of the most distinguished generals of the Army. Ten days later, Bazaine having capitulated with the *gros* of the French regular Army at Metz, the King appointed his son General-Field-Marshal, signifying the nomination to him in the following words, *inter alia*: "You have had an important share in bringing about the success of our difficult enterprise, inasmuch as you opened the campaign with two victories in rapid succession; then, by your strategical front-march, you covered the left flank of the main Army, so that it could safely advance to defeat Bazaine's forces; then with your command you joined the main Army, taking part in the operations against Sedan, and helping to achieve the great events enacted there; and, finally, you have now effected the investment of Paris with some hard fighting. All this added together indicates a great and fortunate general. Therefore, the highest grade of military rank is your due, and I herewith name you General-Field-Marshal. It is the first time that this distinction, which I also confer upon Frederick Charles, has been accorded to Princes of our House. But the successes hitherto achieved in this campaign have never before been equalled in magnitude or consequential importance. Hence, I am justified in departing from the custom of our House. . . . Thy loving, grateful father, WILHELM."

Apropos of "Fritz's" promotion, a Bavarian officer of high rank wrote as follows:—"In the difficult position of commanding an Army in great measure composed of non-Prussian elements, he displayed admirable tact in amalgamating those elements. He by no means treated his South-Germans with special favour, as though bidding for their good word. On the contrary, he gave them as much to do as they could possibly get through, and was not at all sparing of severity in judgment upon their superior officers. It was just because of his steadfastness and perfect justice that he at first won their absolute confidence. The warmth of their regard was rapidly heightened by the circumstance that he invariably led them to victory, his hearty, honest friendliness towards individuals did the rest. It is to him that we owe the brotherly relations prevailing amongst the troops, and that the Bavarian preferentially goes about arm-in-arm with the Prussian. The rank and file, as well as the officers, he treats as life-and-death comrades, not speaking to them condescendingly and graciously, but with such an unmistakeable expression of personal sympathy, and with such sallies of good-humour, that the fellows' hearts go out to him. So does his to them. One day, as he was conferring a rare military distinction upon a common soldier, his joy over that 'bravest of the brave' was so ungovernable that he threw his arms round the gallant fellow's neck, and kissed him on both cheeks. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; the men's muskets trembled in their hands."

On the eve of the bitter fight at Montretout—the last of the hideous reverses suffered by the Army of Paris during the investment and siege of that city—William I. was proclaimed German Emperor in the Salle des Glaces of Versailles Palace, and "Fritz" became an Imperial Highness. During the ceremony he stood, half-facing his father, on the lower step of the crimson *dais* erected for His Majesty's accommodation. As soon as Bismarck had read the proclamation, and the cheering, led by the Grand Duke of Baden, had subsided, the venerable Emperor thrice embraced his son, both heroes being moved to tears. Whilst this affecting scene was being enacted, the heavy guns of Mont Valérien, "La Grande Cathérine" loudest of all, were booming an involuntary salute to the new Deutscher Kaiser. Ten days later Paris capitulated. On March 1st, 1871, the Crown Prince commanded the troops told off to make triumphal entry into the conquered capital, and reviewed by the Emperor on Longchamps Racetrace. Next morning he himself rode into Paris, and carefully inspected the defensive works at Courbevoie, Neuilly, Boulogne, &c. The Royal head-quarters was broken up at the end of the first week in March, and on the

7th the Crown Prince left Versailles with his father to return to Germany, arriving at Berlin on the 17th, having meanwhile inspected the Army of the North (Von Goeben) at Amiens, and issued a farewell address to his own army from Nancy. His father's seventy-fourth birthday-anniversary brought him fresh honours—the Grand Cross of the Iron Cross, Grand Cross of the Württemberg and Service-Order, and the military decorations of Anhalt, Hesse, and Lippe-Schaumburg. That morning he led the Berlin battalion of the Guard Landwehr past the Emperor, to the "Parade March," saying to his father, in a voice audible to those around, "Majesty, at Bougival these men did not even wink an eyelid!"

In June, 1871, the German Crown Prince was appointed Inspector-General of the Fourth Rayon, including all the Southern States of Germany, and Protector of the Royal Museums in Prussia. Accompanied by his wife and children, he spent a week with the Queen in Windsor and London, returning to Germany to place himself at the head of the Bavarian Army on the occasion of its triumphal entry into Munich. Before the ceremony, King Louis presented him with the First Uhlan Regiment, which has thenceforth borne his name. The Crown Prince then returned to England, where he remained until the last week of August. His youngest daughter, the "Peace Child," named after Marguerite of Savoy, was born in the following April and christened in May, the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy being present at the baptismal ceremony. The autumn of that year was chiefly devoted to military inspections in Southern Germany. In September His Imperial Highness opened the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures in Berlin, and was present at all the festivities given in honour of the visit paid to the German capital by the Emperors of Austria and Russia. Just two months later, after assisting at the Golden Wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony, he was stricken down by typhoid in Karlsruhe. For several days, at the very time when his brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales, was so dangerously ill, his life hung upon a thread. Towards the end of the year he was removed to Wiesbaden, where he rapidly recovered strength—so rapidly, indeed, that he was able to be present at the opening ceremonial of the Vienna Exhibition on May Day, 1873. Thence he betook himself to Venice and the Lombard Lakes, making a brief tour through Upper Italy, which was followed by a holiday expedition to Sweden and Norway. In January, 1874, he was a wedding guest in St. Petersburg, at the nuptials of the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna and the Duke of Edinburgh. During the summer of that year he spent six weeks in the Isle of Wight with his family, making Sandown his head-quarters, and from time to time paying flying visits to London, during one of which he and the Crown Princess called upon Miss Florence Nightingale.

In April, 1875, the Crown Prince held several important conferences with Prince von Bismarck, in the course of which these two remarkable men came to a thorough understanding, and concluded a friendship which was never thereafter shaken by conflict of opinions or mutual misapprehension. His Imperial Highness spent the rest of that spring in Italy, hastening back to Berlin to welcome Czar Alexander, his cousin, and the King and Queen of Sweden, who visited the German capital at early summertime. Thence (in July) to Vienna, for the funeral of old Kaiser Ferdinand, the ex-Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, who had abdicated in 1848.

During the autumn more Army inspections in Württemberg and Bavaria; grand manoeuvres in Silesia and Holstein; naval review at Warnemünde; and great shootings in the Ohlau Woods and the Forest of Letzlingen. Early in 1876 the King of Saxony nominated His Imperial Highness "proprietor" of the Saxon (2nd) Hussars. During the summer he made a tour in the Netherlands, and visited the field of Waterloo with the King of the Belgians, subsequently passing a fortnight in Switzerland, and accompanying his father on a round of inspection through Southern Germany and Elsass. His eldest son came of age on January 27th, 1877, and was presented to the Officers' Corps of the 1st Foot Guards by the Crown Prince a few days later. In April, the Princess Charlotte (His Royal Highness's eldest daughter) was formally affianced to the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and Prince Henry, his second son, entered the German Naval Service.

Shortly afterwards the Crown Prince, in his father's suite, visited the Reichslaender for the first time since their annexation to Germany, and was cordially entertained at a grand "Kommers" by the students of Strassburg University.

In September he was present at the unveiling of the great National Memorial on the Niederwald, during which he and his august father narrowly escaped death at the hands of a Social Democratic conspiracy, which had made arrangements—fortunately frustrated by the watchfulness of the German police—to destroy the whole gathering of Sovereigns and Princes there assembled, by means of a dynamite explosion on a gigantic scale. His Royal Highness, with his wife and daughters, spent the late autumn at Wiesbaden, having attended the funeral of the Queen-Mother of Saxony.

In January, 1878, the Crown Prince attended Victor Emmanuel's funeral at Rome, as well as the formal "swearing-in" of King Humbert. After the latter ceremony, the King, Queen, and their Royal guests being called out on the great balcony of the Quirinal Palace to receive a popular ovation, "Fritz" appeared hand-in-hand with the little Prince of Naples, whom he subsequently raised high in his arms, so that the people might get a good view of their future King. This well-timed action was greeted with such a storm of enthusiastic cheering as has seldom been heard, even in excitable Italy. A month later, his eldest daughter, Charlotte, was married, in the Schloss Kapelle at Berlin, to her cousin, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, an officer in the Prussian Army. His Imperial Highness then paid a short visit to England, and had but just returned home when his venerable father was shot at Unter den Linden by Dr. Nobiling. Appointed Regent by the Kaiser for the duration of the latter's "hindrance," the Crown Prince conducted the affairs of Germany for six months with a firmness and sagacity that left nothing to be desired. The celebrated Berlin Congress was held during his Regency, and it was he who, in the name of the Fatherland, welcomed the coming and sped the parting European Delegates. Throughout the autumn he discharged his military inspectorial duties as usual in Southern Germany, and celebrated his Jubilee as Grand Master of German Masonry; he was also present at the marriage of Prince von Bismarck's only daughter to Count von Rantzau. In December, shortly after the death of his sister-in-law, our Princess Alice, he received a deputation of young Lithuanian girls, bringing an address of congratulation to the Emperor on his recovery, and the following pleasant scene, illustrating his felicitous manner towards the humbler classes of his compatriots, took place. His first words to the girls were, "Now, children, tell me at once what I can best do to amuse you. Wait, I have an idea. You would certainly like to know how people of our sort live, so I'll show you over my house. This is my writing-room; there you may see two portraits of my wife—this is how she looked as a girl of eleven, here is a likeness of her when she was my bride. Do you know how we became engaged? As a matter of fact, I proposed to her on horseback. She is a famous horsewoman; so are all of you, too, are you not? The Lithuanian lasses are as good on horseback as are their lads? Of course you can all ride?" The girls looked at one another in embarrassment, and one of them, blushing deeply, answered, "No, gracious sir, we cannot ride." The others seemed much displeased by this reply, and the tallest of them, stepping forward, exclaimed:—"She lies, gracious sir! We can all ride, and if the King would take us into his service, we should do our work all right enough, perhaps better than a good many dragoons. The French would soon find that out!" The Crown Prince smiled,

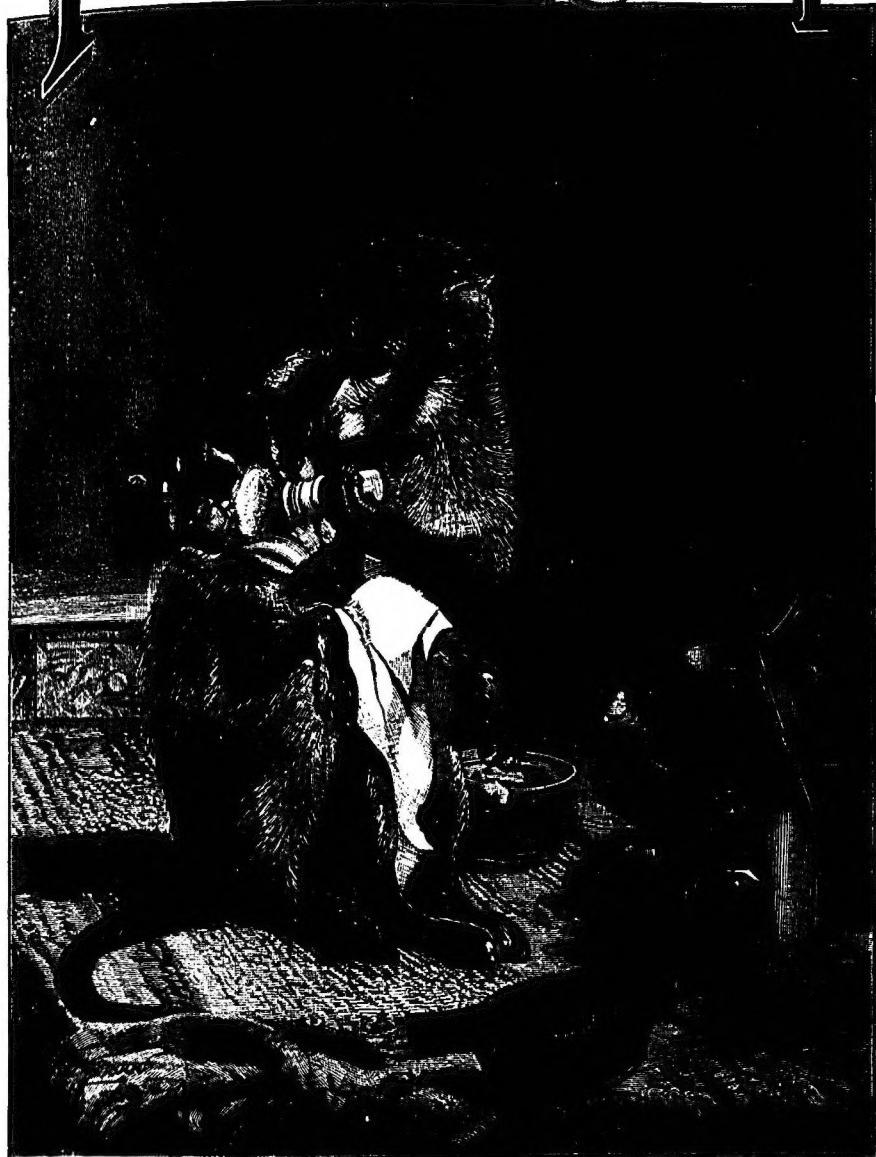
beckoned the strapping wench to him, and compared her height with his own, saying, "My girl, thou art nearly as tall as I. We shall have to raise a regiment of Guard Uhlans from among you lasses." The delighted deputation was then conducted through the Royal apartments by gorgeous chamberlains, and subsequently entertained at lunch in the Castle, where the girls drank his Majesty's and the Crown Prince's health with tremendous enthusiasm.

The German Crown Prince and Princess were present at Windsor at the nuptials of Margaret of Prussia and the Duke of Connaught (March 13th, 1879), and a fortnight later were plunged into mourning by the sudden death of their youngest son, Prince Waldemar. Their first grandchild, Princess Feodora of Meiningen, was born in the following May; they spent the months of October and November at Pegli, near Genoa. On April 20th, 1880, His Imperial Highness opened the International Fisheries Exhibition in Berlin; and on the 2nd of June witnessed the betrothal of his eldest son to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, a daughter of the luckless Duke of Augustenburg, whom Prussia had forcibly dispossessed of his rightful dominions. Thus (mainly through the influence of three generous women—Empress Augusta, Queen Victoria, and the Crown Princess, our Princess Royal) was a great wrong redressed, by making an impoverished exile's child the wife of the Heir to the German and Prussian Thrones. William and Victoria were married at Berlin on February 22nd, 1881. Exactly a month later the Crown Prince left Berlin for St. Petersburg to be present at the obsequies of his first cousin, the murdered Czar Alexander Nicolaievich. During the summer he spent six weeks in England with his family, and celebrated his stith birthday anniversary at the "New Palace" of Potsdam. In the course of November and December, 1881, he held several important conferences with Prince von Bismarck, during which these two great German patriots finally cleared up all their ancient differences, and came to a thorough understanding respecting the home and foreign policy of the Empire. On May 6th, 1882, a son and heir was born to Prince William, who heard the joyful tidings from his father. As His Royal Highness was hastily crossing the Palace courtyard on his way to his wife's apartments, the Crown Prince, leaning out of a window on the first-floor, shouted to him, "Young one! (Junge) it is a boy, a boy!" This baby (Frederick-William-Victor-Augustus-Ernest) now German Heir-Apparent and Crown Prince, was held over the baptismal font by his venerable great-grandfather, the first German Emperor.

January 25th, 1883, would have witnessed the Silver Wedding celebrations of the German Crown Prince and Princess but for the death, four days previously, of Prince Charles of Prussia, which caused the festivities to be postponed until the last week in February, when they took place with extraordinary splendour in Berlin. During the late autumn of that year His Imperial Highness paid a long visit to Alfonso XII. of Spain, whom he accompanied in an interesting tour through the chief provinces of that kingdom, the people of which received him with conspicuous cordiality. By the Madrid Academy of Jurisprudence he was elected a "corresponding member," being already a German LL.D. and D.C.L. of Oxford. On his homeward way he visited King Humbert at the Quirinal, held a long interview with the Pope in the Vatican, and laid a wreath upon Victor Emmanuel's tomb in the Pantheon. During the ensuing spring he attended the Duke of Albany's funeral in England, the wedding of his niece, Princess Victoria of Hesse, to Prince Louis of Battenberg at Darmstadt, and paid visits to the Prince of Bulgaria and Prince von Bismarck.

The three following years (1885-7) were spent by the Crown Prince in the discharge of his manifold military and social duties, which he continued to fulfil with unsailing exactitude until the ever-increasing pain of an insidious throat-affection, by which he had been troubled throughout the spring and summer of 1887, compelled him to withdraw from public life, and seek absolute repose in a more congenial climate than that of Northern Germany. The sad story of his long illness and acute sufferings at San Remo, where he underwent the operation of tracheotomy, has been narrated too recently and exhaustively to need repetition in this place. On the death of the Emperor William on March 9th he was proclaimed Emperor under the title of Frederick III., and at once assumed the reins of Government, not merely nominally, but in right earnest. Travelling at once to Berlin he issued a proclamation to the people couched in an eminently pacific and constitutional spirit, and wherein he promised to be a faithful King to his country "in happiness and in sorrow." "God grant me His blessing and strength," he concluded, "to carry out this work, to which my life shall henceforth be devoted." In less than a fortnight, however, the Emperor was compelled to delegate a portion of his Imperial duties to the Crown Prince William, though he was able on March 22nd to be present at the Memorial Service held on his father's birthday. At this time the proposed betrothal of his daughter Princess Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenburg (ex-Prince of Bulgaria) caused a serious difference of opinion between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, but yielding to important State reasons Frederick III. gave way. In the middle of April the Emperor suffered from a relapse and a severe attack of bronchitis, but subsequently rallied, and was able to receive the visit of Queen Victoria in April, and to be present at the wedding of his second son Prince Henry with Princess Irene of Hesse, on May 24. At the close of the month indeed he seemed so well that the doctors permitted his removal to the Friedrichskron Palace at Potsdam, and hopes were entertained that his life might be prolonged for some considerable time. Early in the present month, however, aggravated symptoms showed themselves, the bulletins of the 12th foreshadowed the beginning of the end, and although well enough on June 13 to sit out in the garden and receive the King of Sweden, Frederick III. breathed his last on Friday, June 15th, after a reign of ninety-nine days. Throughout that short reign, even to two days before his death, the late Emperor received reports, and laboured hard to carry out those broad and liberal views with which his name has ever been connected. Little more than a week earlier he had practically compelled Herr von Puttkamer to resign, as the ideas of freedom of election entertained by the autocratic Minister of the Interior by no means coincided with those of the more liberal-minded Monarch. "Learn to suffer without complaining" was his dying motto, and, true to the task he had set himself, Frederick III. bore his heavy trials with exemplary patience and admirable cheerfulness, and strove ever to perform that which he deemed to be his duty to his country. "Duty," in fact, was his watchword, and "patriotism" his countersign throughout life, as they were his father's before him. Hating war, he became an accomplished general, and won distinguished victories over Germany's foes in two tremendous wars because his duty lay that way. A Liberal in politics, he sacrificed his personal opinions to the *raison d'état*, finding it clearly his duty to do so after many bitter experiences and distressing disillusionments. As a Prince, he was *sans peur et sans reproche*. As son, husband, father, kinsman, friend, and citizen he was a shining example to mankind at large. No nobler figure has moved and spoken on the European stage during this century than that of the late Frederick III. Englishmen and Englishwomen of the present generation will remember him as long as they live as he rode through London streets on Jubilee Day, a perfect type of German manhood, comeliness, and earnestness, helmeted and cuirassed in shining steel, and bearing in his strong right hand the Marshal's baton awarded to him, in recognition of supreme military merit, by the first soldier of the age. Thus will he live in the memory of a people amongst whom he was little less popular than even among his own fellow-countrymen!

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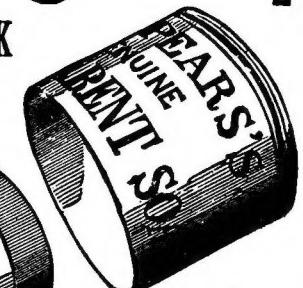
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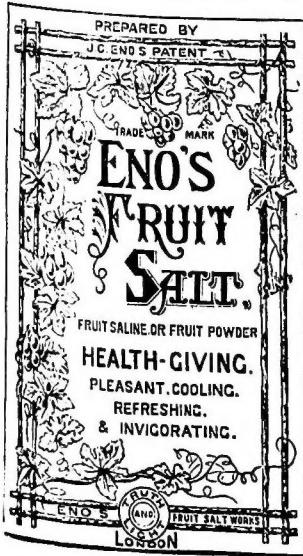
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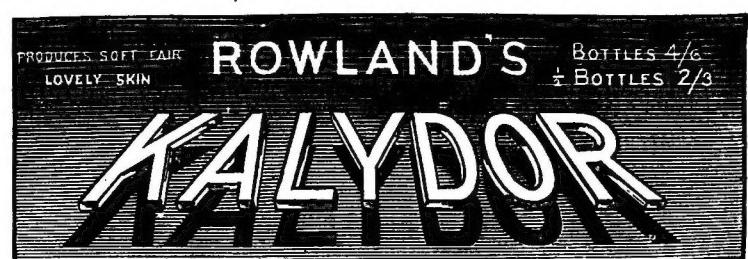
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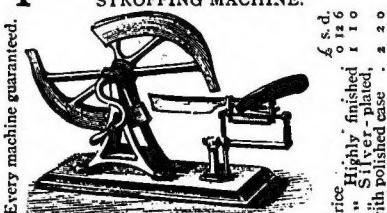
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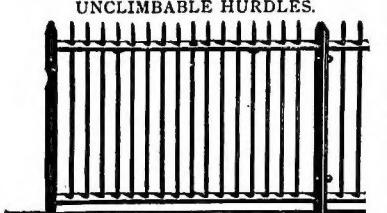
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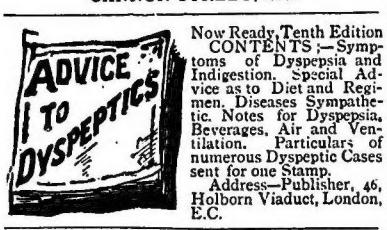
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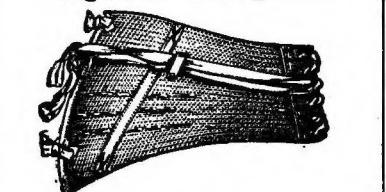
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